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RIP·VAN·WINKLE'S DREAM·

Dedicated to the
·MICHIGAN·CENTRAL·R·R·
Published by
D·DALZIEL·
·CHICAGO·

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A PARODY

ON

IOLANTHE

Respectfully dedicated to the Conductors of the Chicago & Alton Railroad,

By D. Dalziel, Editor of the Chicago News Letter.

Scene.—*A fairy glade on the Chicago & Alton Railway, at Holy Cross, Illinois. The country bears evidence of the utmost prosperity. It is early in June, yet the fields for miles in every direction are waving with already ripened grain that is going to take first prize at the next National Exhibition. The ensuing scene occurs in the brief interval allowed for purposes of safety between the trains on this road. Chorus of fairies, discovered dancing over the wheat stocks.*

(*Enter* Rocky Mountain Fairies, *led by* Leila, Ceila *and* Fleto.)

chorus.

Tripping always, tripping ever,
By each glen, each rock, each river,
We must twirl and we must twine
Round about the Alton line.

solo.

LEILA—

If you ask us how we ride,
See our cars and step inside:
Cars of most convenient size,
Cars enchanting tourists' eyes,
Pullman Palace sleeping cars,
Free from dust, from noise, from jars;
Cars with soft reclining chairs,
Where we nestle free from cares;
Cars no cynic can place fault on,
Chicago, Kansas City, Alton.
Spite of distance, time or weather,
See three cities link'd together.

CEILA—That is extremely true and very pretty. Moreover, it is a very noble employment, this acting in behalf of the foremost railway of the world. Still, we are not altogether happy. Since our Queen banished Iolanthe, our life has not been a transcendent one.

LEILA—Ah, Iolanthe was a whole team, and, like the Alton Road, she was the only one in the crowd who carried a proper train. But, according to the laws of Fairydom, she committed an unpardonable sin. The fairy who marries a mortal must die.

CEILA—But Iolanthe is not dead. (*Enter* Fairy Queen.)

QUEEN—No, because your Queen, who loved her as much as a member of the State Legislature loves a railway pass, commuted her sentence to travel for life on other lines, and sooner than do it she confined herself in a pond.

LEILA—And she is now working out her sentence in Iowa.

QUEEN—Yes. I gave her the choice of States. I am sure I never

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intended that she should go and live under a culvert beneath the bank of an Iowa railway.

LEILA—It must be damp there, and her chest was always delicate.

QUEEN—Yes. An Iowa railway is hardly the place to send a delicate chest. Even an iron-bound trunk has no show on any other line than the Chicago & Alton. I do not understand why she went there.

ALL—How terrible; but, O Queen, forgive her.

QUEEN—I've half a mind to.

LEILA—Make it half and half, and wholly do it.

QUEEN—Well, it shall be as you wish. Arise, Iolanthe.

(IOLANTHE *arises.*)

IOLANTHE—Must I again reflect my grievous fault on ——

QUEEN—Oh, no; we bring you back to bliss and Alton. And now tell me: with all the world to choose from, why on earth did you go to live at the bottom of that Iowa culvert?

IOLANTHE—To be near my son, Strephon.

QUEEN—Your son! I didn't know you had a son. I hardly think you'd oughter, Iolanthe.

IOLANTHE—He was born shortly after I left my husband at your royal command.

LEILA—What is he?

IOLANTHE—He is an Arcadian brakeman. He is one of those extremely pure young persons who have passed a competitive examination of intelligence before they can become *anything* on the Alton Road. Ah, here he is.

(*Enter* STREPHON.)

STREPHON—

Good morrow, good mother;
I'm to be married to-morrow.

IOLANTHE—Then the Counselor has at last given his consent to your marriage with his beautiful ward, Phyllis.

STREPHON—Alas! no. He is obdurate. He wants nothing less than a General Passenger Agent.

QUEEN—But how to get round this difficulty with the Counselor. Should you like to be a General Passenger Agent?

STREPHON—That would hardly do. You see, I am half human, half fairy. My body is of the Alton fairy kind, but my legs are of another line, and would be likely to take me on the wrong track.

QUEEN—Well, your fairyhood doesn't seem to have interfered with your digestion.

STREPHON—It is the curse of my existence. What's the use of being half a fairy? My body can go through the air-brake pipe, but if my legs ever get between the couplers, I'm a goner. There is one advantage: by making myself invisible down to the waist, I have collected damages from one railway company several times, because they couldn't find the rest of me after an accident. My legs, I suppose, will die some day, and then what will be the use of my bust? I can't satisfy Phyllis with half a husband.

QUEEN—Don't let your legs distract you. They shall be our peculiar care. The Alton does nothing by halves. So farewell, attractive stranger.

[*Exit all.*

(*Enter the entire corps of officers of all the railways west of Chicago, except the C. & A. They are accompanied by a band, in which the instruments are exclusively and appropriately made of brass. The blowers in this band are the employes of the railway officers.*)

OFFICERS—

Loudly let the trumpet bray. Tan-tan-ta-ra, tan-tan-ta-ra!
Proudly bang the sounding brasses, tzing, boom!
As upon its lordly way this unique procession passes.
Tan-tan-ta-ra, tan-tan-ta-ra! etc.,
Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! etc.

Bow, bow, ye lower trav'ling masses,
Bow, bow, ye folks who ask for passes;
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses.
Tan-tan-ta-ra! Tzing, boom, etc., etc.

(*At conclusion, enter* COUNSELOR.)

COUNSELOR—

The law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent;
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And I, for cash, expound the law;
A constitutional lawyer I,
For a great railway society;
A very agreeable post for me,
While my railway plunks down its fee;
A solid occupation for
A money-making Counselor.

CHORUS OF OFFICERS.

COUNSELOR—

And though the compliment implied
Inflates me with legitimate pride,
It nevertheless can't be denied,
I feel its inconvenient side;
For she has lots of Alton stock,
As good as gold, and firm as a rock.
But there'd be the deuce to pay, O Lord,
If I patched up a match with my wealthy ward.
Which rather gets up my dander, for
I'm such a susceptible counselor,

So if a director would marry my ward,
He must come to me for my accord;
In the Alton office I'll sit all day,
To hear what agreeable men may say;
But Phyllis declares she's not for he,
She's not for thou, and she's not for thee,
She won't have you, and she won't have ye,
Because her mind is made up for
A Chicago & Alton director.

(*Enter* LORD BEESEEKEW.)

LORD B.—And now let us proceed to the business of the day. Few of us have done any business for many days.

COUNSELOR—True. Let us proceed more rapidly than your trains. Phyllis, my ward, has so powerfully affected you that you have let all your railways go to eternal smash, and you have asked me to give her to whichever one of you I may select. It would be idle for me to deny that I, too, have been wonderfully attracted to this young woman. My affection for her is rapidly undermining my constitution, just as it has undermined the constitutions of all your railways. But we shall hear what she has to say herself, for here she comes.

(*Enter* PHYLLIS.)

RECITATIVE.

My well-lov' lord and guardian dear,
You summoned me, and I am here.

CHORUS OF GENERAL PASSENGER AGENTS.

Oh, rapture! how beautiful,
How gentle, how dutiful!

(*General Passenger Agents make a dumb appeal to* PHYLLIS.)

SONG.

PHYLLIS—

I'm very much pain'd to refuse.
My guardian you can't lay the fault on.
The only young man I would choose
Must be from the Chicago & Alton.
That road so eclipses the rest,
Its men are so handsome and hearty,
That I know where to turn for the best,
When I want a particular party.

(*Enter* STREPHON, *the brakeman;* PHYLLIS *rushes to him.*)

It must not, cannot be,
Your suits my heart has riven;
Yon jolly brakeman see,
To him my heart is given.

ALL THE G. P. A.'S—Jerusalem!

COUNSELOR—

And who has dared to brave our high displeasure,
And thus defy our definite command?

STREPHON—

'Tis I, young Strephon; mine, this rosy treasure;
Against all lines I claim my darling's hand.

(*Exit all the G. P. A.'s in disgust, and with as much dignity as if they belonged to the Alton Road.* STREPHON *and* COUNSELOR *remain.*)

COUNSELOR—Now, sir, how dare you fall in love with my ward?

STREPHON—Love knows no guardianship. We follow our inclinations. As I whirl along the Alton Road, all nature speaks of her love, and says "Take her." I read it on the face of the Sphinx Rock. William's Canon thunders it forth, the Snowy Range melts in sympathy with our love, the Twin Lakes are one in wishing us joy, the Bowlder Falls leap with joy at our prospective union, and from Alton to Sante Fe every bird and bush and tree choruses our bliss; and can you say nay?

COUNSELOR—Duty before pleasure. I always keep my duty before my eyes.

When I went to the Alton, a very young man,
Said I to myself, said I,
I'll work on a new and original plan,
Said I to myself, said I.
I'll never assume that a road is O. K.,
That it's perfect, in fact, like the C. and the A.,
Till I've tried it my own and particular way,
Said I to myself, said I.

I'll never throw dust in a passenger's eyes,
Said I to myself, said I,
Recommending a road with buncombe and lies,
Said I to myself, said I,
Or pretend that some other roads of which we read
Can equal the Alton for comfort and speed,
Or supply all the luxuries travelers need,
Said I to myself, said I.

Ere I boast of the road, I will travel it through,
Said I to myself, said I,
And see that its officers do what they can do,
Said I to myself, said I.
So I went on the road from the first to the last,
I traveled with pleasure so safe and so fast
That I said, such a road can ne'er be surpass'd,
Said I to myself, said I.

On all other roads by which men may go,
Said I to myself, said I,
They're none of them safe, and they're all of them slow,
Said I to myself, said I.
The Chicago and Alton must still be A 1.
For business, for pleasure, for health, or for fun,
Or it never could have such a character won,
Said I to myself, said I.

(*This being rather a difficult song to sing, the* COUNSELOR, *in reply to the deafening encore which he receives, will hand to each person in the audience a copy of the Langtry Map, a book of the Patience Parody, a copy of the Chicago News Letter, and a folder of the Alton Road. Exit* COUNSELOR, *with a skip.*)

STREPHON—It's too bad to be taken from Phyllis just when she was my own. (*Enter* IOLANTHE.)

IOLANTHE—What, my son in tears upon his wedding day!

STREPHON—The Counselor, who is Phyllis's guardian, separates us forever.

IOLANTHE—Oh, if he only knew—— No matter. The Queen of our road and its fairies shall protect you. See, here they come.

(*Enter* FAIRIES.)

(STREPHON *embraces* IOLANTHE, *sobbing. Enter* PHYLLIS. *She sees* STREPHON *embrace his mother, and starts violently.*)

SONG.

STREPHON—The little girl I love has caught me talking to another.
ALL—Oh, fie! Strephon is a rogue.
STREPHON—But, then, upon my honor, that other is my mother.

CHORUS.

Taradiddle, taradiddle, fol lol de lay.

STREPHON—
She won't believe my statement, and declares we must be parted,
Although I'm just as true as an Alton train when started;
And if she gets another hub, a brakeman, broken-hearted,
I shall be, taradiddle dee, taradiddle dee.

QUEEN—
You cruel and heartless Counselor, to part them from each other;
You've done him an injustice, for this lady *is* his mother.

COUNSELOR—
That yarn requires obesity, its thinness well to cover;
I didn't see her face, but he acted like her lover;
And how could she, at seventeen, be an Alton brakeman's mother?
To say she is his mother is a fib as big as many.
Oh, fie! Strephon is a rogue;
He'll next declare the Alton's not the best of any.
Taradiddle, taradiddle dee.

COUNSELOR—
I wouldn't say of either what would be thought injurious,
But to find a mother younger than her son is very curious,
Just as 'twould be upon our road to drop an aught that's spurious.
Fol de ridle, fol de ridle, fol lol lay.

(*Tremulo music.*)

QUEEN—When next your convention does assemble, you may tremble. Our wrath when railroad heads offend us is tremendous. They must who underrate our calling "cut rates appalling." Take down our sentence as we speak it, and he shall wreak it. Henceforth, Strephon, cast away your brakeman suit and brakeman pay; another racket you shall play. Of the beauteous Alton Line, favorite Western road of mine, you a G. P. A. shall be. Gentlemen, what do you think of he?

ALL—It should be him—

QUEEN— I haven't time
To think of my grammar; it's very good rhyme.

And now take down my word and pleasure. Henceforth, your equal he shall be. Into your councils he shall come; in your debates he shall rule. Henceforth, it is the Alton Road you must imitate.

ALL—Have mercy!

QUEEN—From this time forth, you will have to run your trains on the same standard of excellence which marks the Alton.

(*Hands every one of them a time-table of the C. & A.*)

ALL—Spare us!

QUEEN—You will be forced to employ none but civil officials.

ALL—Have mercy!

QUEEN—The comfort of your passengers must be your primary consideration.

(*Very solemnly.*) *You will also be forced to run your trains according to your advertised time-table.*

ALL—(*Shriek*)—Oh, spare us! spare us!

QUEEN—And now depart. When next your council meets, Strephon will be one of you.

(*Slow music. G. P. A.'s bow to* STREPHON. *Business, etc. Curtain.*)

ACT II.

SCENE—*Interior of the Chicago & Alton Railway at Chicago. Luxurious surroundings on all sides. Ticket office opens down to the inlaid mosaic*

floor. Handsome divans for passengers engaged in the purchase of tickets. At the gate, waiting for passengers as they go through in swarms, is WILLIS, *a handsome man, like all the other servants of this road, and also, like them, he is clothed in an expensive and becoming uniform.*

WILLIS— (Sings.)
I often think it's comical,
How nature always does incline
To place the best of all its boys
That's born into this world of mine
In the road that only such employs—
The great Chicago & Alton Line.
(*Enter* FAIRIES *and* G. P. A.'s.)

LEILA—(*Who has been attracted by the officers*)—Charming persons, are they not?

CEILA—They do very well, considering whom they work for. In Alton uniforms they would look very well.

LORD BEESEEKEW—Well, we have done our best to imitate Alton, but it seems to be a failure. Why not stop this disgusting protege of yours?

CEILA—(*Crying*)—We can't stop him. The road has made too much headway. It is harder to kill than a Presidential boom in Indiana. (*Aside.*) How beautiful they all are!

(*Enter* QUEEN, *who has overheard last remark.*)

QUEEN—Oh, you shameful flirts, always running after those railway men. Don't you know it's death to marry a mortal?

CEILA—If it were, you'd have to execute all of us; but who wouldn't fall in love with a railroad man?

LEILA—Especially a Chicago & Alton man, and we are not all as tough as you are.

QUEEN—Am I tough? Look at that daisy! (*Pointing to* WILLIS.) Who are you, sir?

WILLIS—Ticket-taker Willis, of the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

QUEEN—You're a fine fellow, sir.

WILLIS—Yes, mum; I belong to the Alton.

QUEEN—(*Starts*)—The Alton! Ah! I, too, am not insensible to the charms of manly beauty. Look at that man! He is a fair specimen of the Alton employes—a perfect picture.

WILLIS—Yes, mum, I am generally admired, although I do not compare favorably with my fellow-employes. The standard of beauty is very high on this road. (*Modestly retires.*)

QUEEN—The road has taste—(*To the* FAIRIES.) Now, here is a man belonging to the first road in the Union, whose physical beauty eclipses Apollo's. If I yielded to a natural impulse, I should at once be mashed by that man. But I mortify this inclination; I wrestle with it,—I subdue it, ha! ha! This is how I suppress my inclinations.

SONG.

O foolish fay,
Think you, because his jacket gay
My bosom thaws, I'd disobey
Our fairy laws? Because I fly
The road above, you think that I
This man could love.

(*Aside.*)

Type of Chicago & Alton,
This heart of mine
Is truly thine.
'Tis it I lay the fault on.

(*Exit* FAIRIES, *sorrowfully following* FAIRY QUEEN.)

(*Enter* PHYLLIS.)

PHYLLIS—I can't think why I am not in better spirits. I am engaged to one General Freight Agent and one General Passenger Agent, and could have the whole railway association if I only said the word. As for Strephon, I hate him. No girl would care for a young man who was considerably older than his mother—though nowadays there are a good many such floating about.

(*Enter* LORD BEESEEKEW.)

LORD B.—Phyllis, my own!

PHYLLIS—How dare you? But perhaps you are the Freight Agent—or the General Passenger Agent.

LORD B.—I am—the latter.

PHYLLIS—How did you secure the distinction?

LORD B.—To be frank, because everybody was rushing for positions on the Alton, and they left the post uncovered. I have held the place a long time.

PHYLLIS—Because nobody else would have it?

LORD B.—Not so much that as because now the Alton has run our business down so there is no money to pay salaries with, and I am willing to wait for mine. The stockholders appreciate my kindness.

(*Enter* LORD SEE EYEAR.)

LORD S.—Dearest Phyllis! (*Embraces her.*)

PHYLLIS—The Freight Agent! Well, have you settled? Have you settled which of you it is to be?

LORD S.—It isn't quite settled. We tossed for it, but we did it in a saloon where the dice always threw sixes. We got hold of the proprietor's private set. Suppose we leave the choice to you?

PHYLLIS—How can it possibly concern me? You are both railway officials. You both get everything but your salaries, and I don't see where I am to choose. If one of you will throw up your share in your so-called railway, and admit the Alton to be, what it is, the first line in the world, I might perhaps take time to consider.

LORD B.—We are too jealous to admit that, although we know it. The only resort now is for one of us to give way to the other. Perhaps, on the whole, she would be happier with me.

LORD S.—The chances are in your favor. The one difficulty which remains is, that if you rob me of the girl I love I must kill you. I shall give you a pass over my railroad.

LORD B.—(*Shrieks with fright*)—Not that! Not that! (*Bursts into tears.*)

LORD S.—I think you are right—the sacrifice is too great. The sacred ties of friendship will not permit the wanton cruelties suggested, between men who love each other as we do. (*They embrace*).

(*Enter* COUNSELOR, *very sorrowful.*)

COUNSELOR—(*Recitative.*)

Love unrequited robs me of my rest,
Although the Alton Line is still victorious;
But in a song to tell my woes is best,
If you, kind friends, will join me in the chorius.

SONG.

When on some snide road, with a terrible load, and an engine
not up to an Alton one,
You lie ill at ease, in a berth filled with fleas, all ready to
make an assault on one,
With your mind in a pother on this, that and t'other;
Because in your doubt and perplexity,
You travel'd this way, while happy as play
Goes the Chicago & Alton just next t'ye.

Then the counterpane tickles—you feel like mixed pickles,
Your pillow as hard as a bullet,
And your sheet is so small it won't cover at all,
No matter 'tis which way you pull it;
Then you rave, and you swear, and tear out your hair,
With none but yourself to lay fault on,
And swear by the heaven, if once you're forgiven,
To abjure all lines but the Alton.

LORD B.—I am much distresst to find you so sad.

COUNSELOR—I am; I acknowledge it. It is my double capacity which does it. I am her guardian and her suitor. In my latter capacity I am overawed by my duty in my other capacity. It unnerves me.

LORD S.—It is hard. Just think of having two capacities. Let us be truly thankful that we have no capacity at all. But take courage; nothing that I ever heard of daunted a Chicago & Alton Railroad official.

COUNSELOR—That is true, and I will be resigned. [*Exeunt.*

(*Enter* PHYLLIS.)

PHYLLIS—Strephon!

STREPHON—Phyllis! But I forgot. I suppose I should, madam —— let me see—what name have you decided upon?

PHYLLIS—I haven't quite made up my mind. You see, *I* haven't any mother to advise me.

STREPHON—No! I have.

PHYLLIS—Yes, a very *young* mother.

STREPHON—Not very—a couple of centuries or so.

PHYLLIS—She wears well.

STREPHON—Of course she does. She was born and reared on the C. & A. Line. Besides, she's a fairy.

PHYLLIS—I beg your pardon—a what?

STREPHON—A fairy. I've no longer a reason to conceal the truth.

PHYLLIS—That would account for a good many things. Fairies nowadays are rather indiscreet. I suppose you are a fairy, too.

STREPHON—I'm half a fairy and half a mortal.

PHYLLIS—Not very substantial. But why didn't you tell me?

STREPHON—I thought I might get myself disliked. There's no use loving half a man.

PHYLLIS—Better that than to love a whole man, as they go nowadays. Forgive me.

STREPHON—Think of the difficulties. My grandmother looks quite as young as my mother. So do all my aunts.

PHYLLIS—Then, if I catch you kissing the chambermaid, I shall know she's only a relative in disguise.

STREPHON—In that case, I will forgive you.

PHYLLIS—Then we will be married at once. I will attend to the fairies afterward. But how about your mother?

IOLANTHE—(*Entering*)—The old lady is here, and blesses you my children—or words to that effect.

STREPHON—But how about her guardian?

IOLANTHE—There is but one thing to do. I have been married to him for some years now. He is Strephon's father.

STREPHON—At last! I am a wise child.

IOLANTHE—And being his wife, I will assume my domestic duties. Have you a club handy?

COUNSELOR—(*Enters jubilant*)—It's settled! Victory! victory! I put the case plainly to myself, although I must confess that when I addressed so important a personage as the legal adviser of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, I did so with many feelings of doubt in my mind. However, I took courage and pleaded my cause well. I said to myself, with the respect with which I

always address myself, you are the legal adviser of the greatest railroad in the country, and as such you should not hesitate to exercise your *droits de seigneur* and take the girl from all competitors. I was bound to admit the force of my own argument, and so won my case. I shall marry the girl without delay. There is nothing to stand in the way.

IOLANTHE—(*Comes down*)—Excepting a mere trifle.

COUNSELOR—And that is—but who are you? (*Starts.*) Ah! Thou livest, Iolanthe?

IOLANTHE—Never say die is the motto of the Alton Line. (*She falls into his arms.*)

QUEEN—(*Iolanthe kneels to her*)—
Once more thy vows are broken;
The Fates thy doom have spoken:

(*Enter* EVERYBODY.)

LEILA—Hold! If Iolanthe must die, so must we all, for we are equally guilty.

QUEEN—Equally guilty. (*All kneel.*)

LORD S.—Pardon them. They could not help it. The ancient traditions surrounding railway officials were too much for them, and they married us.

QUEEN—The traditions of our tribe must be imperative. They who marry mortals must die. There is no going back on the statutes.

COUNSELOR—Hold! I haven't been helping the public to obey the law all these years for nothing. Let me give your statute a whirl. (*Looks it over.*) Easy enough. Make it read that every fairy who marries outside the Alton Road shall die.

QUEEN—Good Idea. (*Does it.*) And now where's Willis?

WILLIS—Tickets, please.

QUEEN—Yes, for the matrimonial line. How would you like to be a fairy ticket-taker?

WILLIS—On the Chicago & Alton?

QUEEN—That is the statute.

WILLIS—It is one of the oldest traditions of this road that none of its employes can possibly be ill-bred, particularly to a lady. I am yours.

QUEEN—And now the only way to save our tribe from annihilation is for all you gentlemen to obey the law. Remember that any fairy who marries other than a Chicago & Alton man must die. (*All shudder.*)

STREPHON—And I, being in the Alton Road, will immediately employ you all and absorb all your lines. It was bound to come to that sooner or later.

COUNSELOR—The old wife is better than no wife, so here we all go to fairyland.

(*The Alton uniform instantly covers them all, and their haggard, care-worn expressions are replaced by the happy, seraphic looks of men who habitually work for the C. & A. R. R.*)

Colman's Mustard.

TRADE MARK BULL'S HEAD.

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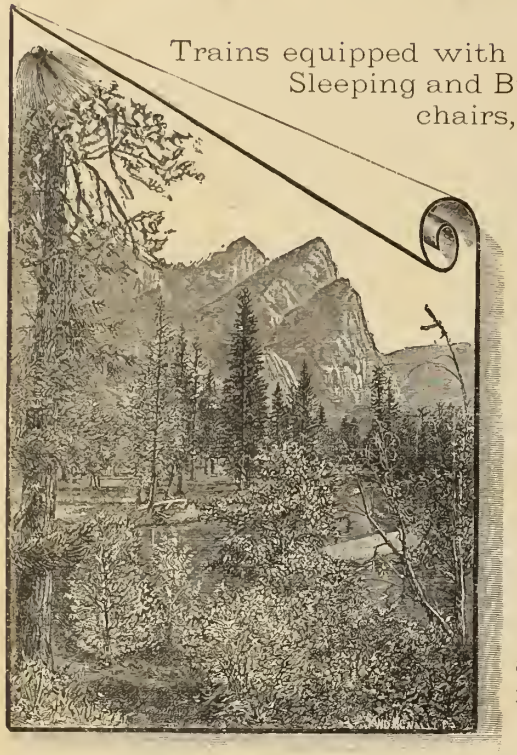

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Dedicated · to · the · Niagara Falls · Route
THE · MICHIGAN CENTRAL · R.R.
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RIP VAN WINKLE'S DREAM.

Dedicated to the Michigan Central Railroad—The Niagara Falls Route.

ACT ONE.

The scene is laid in the quiet little village of Sleepy Hollow, in the good State of Michigan. The first act is laid in the village square. *Right:* The saloon of Nick Vedder. *Left:* The village well, rustic seats. *Back:* The country road, and view of a flat, uncultivated, barren country. The day is a village fête. As curtain rises the peasants are gathered round the tables, which are to be seen outside Nick Vedder's place. Peter and Katrina on stage.

CHORUS :

Then let's be gay
Upon this day,
Thank heaven for its bounty,
And fill the glass
To ev'ry lass
And laddie in the county.

PETER. (*The* BURGOMEISTER *sings.*)

On this solemnity right royal,
Where is that vagabond disloyal ?
Where's Rip Van Winkle, eh ?
Don't know ! Can't any of you say ?
Don't know ! Ah, well ! sing on; for this he shall pay.

KATRINA. Here comes Gretchen, Herr Bergomeister, maybe she can tell you where her wandering Rip is to be found.

(*Enter* GRETCHEN. *She goes to Burgomeister.*)

GRETCHEN. Mynherr, I beg you don't be hard on my husband. For my sake, Rip wanders o'er hill and brake, weary, night and day; and if he's not here to join you in your festivity, rely upon it that his reasons are good.

PETER. Tut ! tut ! Gretchen, you are over-patient with the loot. Shame on him for a lazy good-for-nothing bag of bricks. He's no credit to the village.

(GRETCHEN *and* KATRINA *both come near* PETER, *one each side of him, and pat him on the chin.*)

GRETCHEN. Come, come, Burgomeister, don't be hard. You know everybody loves you and your heart is bigger than the village clock. Come, forgive poor Rip, and make us all happy.

(*They both pat his cheek.*)

PETER. Well, well! Who ever heard of one man talking down two women? Be it as you will. Hullo! what's that?

VEDDER. (*Coming out of his house.*) Soldiers coming up the valley. Whatever can they want?

PETER. Never mind what they want; it can't concern us; so don't let them disturb our holiday.

CHORUS:

Then let's be gay
Upon this day,
Thank heaven for its bounty,
And fill the glass
To ev'ry lass
And laddie in the county.

(*Enter Soldiers. Captain orders them to break off, which they do after stacking their arms on the little plot of grass adjoining* VEDDER'S *house; then exit.* KATRINA *approaching* CAPTAIN.)

KATRINA. Tell me, Captain, what brings you here? Surely not some new trouble with Rip?

CAPTAIN. Not a bit of it, my fair Katrina; only a little recruiting business, that is all. But I thank the lucky star which cast my lot on such an expedition.

KATRINA. Why so? Sleepy Hollow is a dull enough place to come to.

CAPTAIN. To some people it may be; but to me Sleepy Hollow is the embodiment of all that is sweet and lovely in life. The sun seems to shine brighter here than on any spot on earth.

KATRINA. Why so?

CAPTAIN. Because here I find the girl I love. Yes, the girl I love more than my tongue can tell.

(*Exit of Peasants.* KATRINA *and* CAPTAIN *off together in a loving way. As soon as they are off* RIP'S *voice is heard singing outside.*)

RIP. (*Outside.*) A day vas koming ven I'll gaily sing,

Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Der day vas koming—yaw, vas on de ving,
Tra la la la, tra la la la.

(*Enter* RIP, *laughing; looks round as if in search of some one.*)

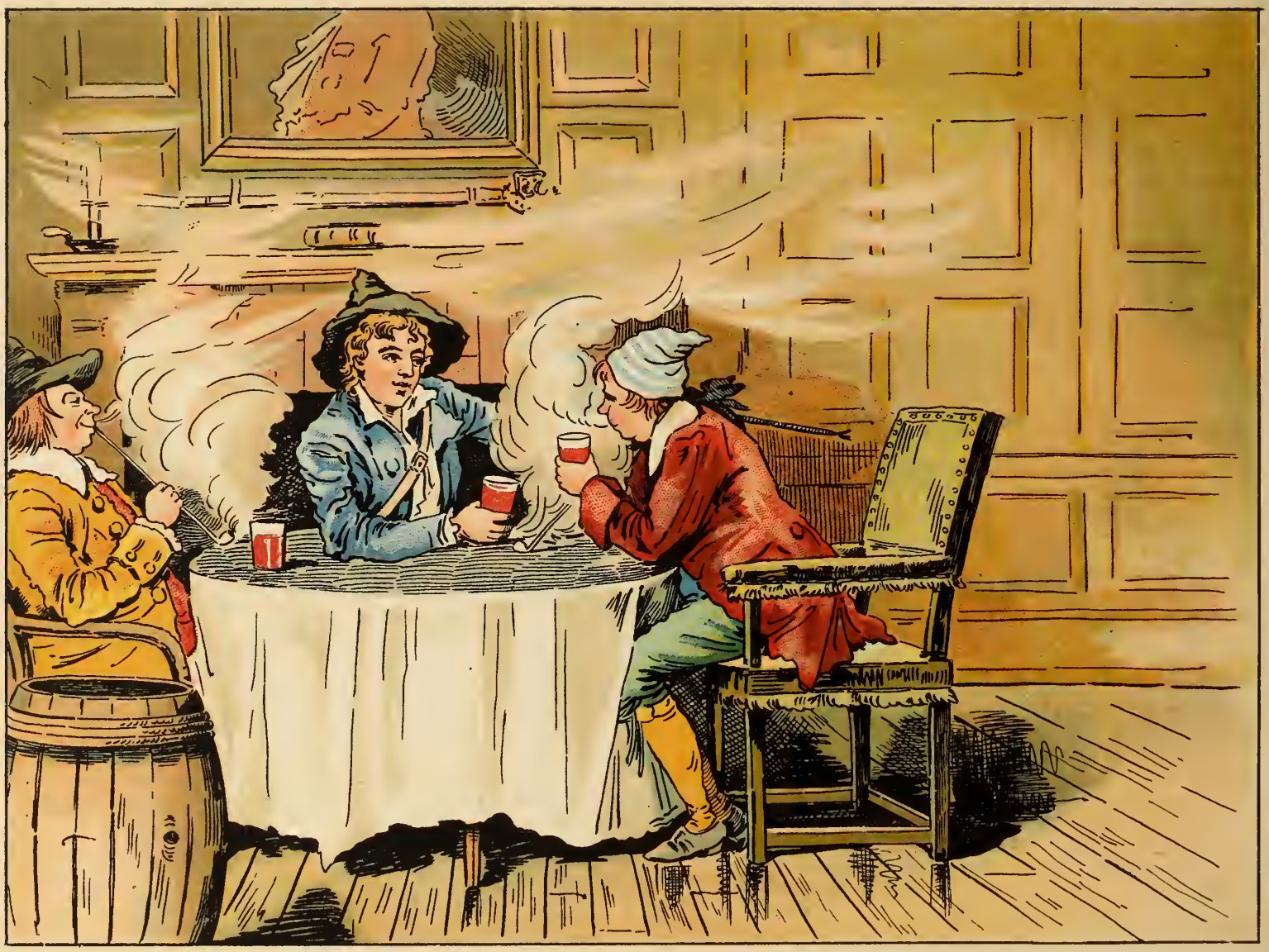
RIP. Ah, Rip, you vas a bad kase, ole fellow—a purty bad kase. Vat in tunder vill mein vife say, und der Burgomeister. (*Laughs and slaps his knee.*) By Shimini, now I shtarted for de voods dis mornin' oud, to fill mein bag mit game, und I shoost meet a fellow mit von eye, und he asked me to take von nip mit him. I couldn't refuse to trink mit him, und den I took anoder glass, und den I took so much as ein dootzen oder glasses, und he drink so more as I. Den he got aus gespielt, und I rolled him in a ditch to shleep a leedle, for his von eye got so crooked he nefer could of seen his vay home shtraight. Den I goes to de voods, but nefer a bird could I shoots. But I shtops now. I've shvore off. (*Enter* VEDDER *from the inn, sees* RIP *and fills a glass.*) If anybody asks me to trink now, I'll say to dem (VEDDER *comes down and offers glass to* RIP; RIP *smiles, hesitates, then holds out his hand and takes the glass*), I'll say to dem—vell, here's your goot health, und your family's goot health, und eferybody's goot health; und may you all live long und brosber.

VEDDER. Why, Rip, I thought you said you had sworn off?

RIP. So I hafe; so I hafe; but it doan't kownt ven I trinks on peezness. (VEDDER *holds out his hand for money.*) Oh, I vill make dot all right; shoost mark it on de vall.

VEDDER. (*Laughing and shaking his head.*) The vall, as you call it, Rip, is getting pretty heavy. Look at the slate. But where

RIP'S a/c



have you been all day? We were afraid some of the goblins of the forest had made you captive.

RIP. Nein, I nefer sees no ghost, though I've had a long okwaintance mit dose shpeerits. Ha, ha!

VEDDER. But, Rip, where *have* you been?

RIP. Oh, I've been busy. I vas up in de voods a shooten.

VEDDER. That's what you always say; but I never see any evidences of your skill. But come, Rip, sit down and take a pipe and a glass, and make yourself comfortable.

RIP. Nein, nein; I've shvore off.

VEDDER. Well, take one drink on business.

RIP. No, I von't touch him.

VEDDER. Well, I'll have to go it alone. (*Sits down and drinks.*)

RIP. Dere is a drinks! Dere is a drinks! I hafe conquered temptation at lasht! Bravo mein shvore off; bravo resolution! You shall hafe shoost von glass for dot. (*Goes to table;* VEDDER *laughs and gives him a cup of wine.*) Vell, here's your goot health, und your family's goot health, und eferybody's good health, und may you all live long und brosber. (*Drinks.*)

(*Enter* GRETCHEN. *She sees him.* RIP *tries to hide his act, and rushes forward to embrace her, and while doing so, flings the empty cup behind her back to* NICK VEDDER. VEDDER *catches it.*)

GRETCHEN. Fie, fie, Rip! Drinking again? I thought you had promised to give it up. Get thee to a brewery.

RIP. I vill; vich vas de nearest vay? But dere, kleine frau, I hafe shvore off: I only trinks on peezness now.

GRETCHEN. Yes, Rip; it's all very well; but think what is to become of us.

RIP. Become of us? Vy, let dose dhroobles of to-day take care mit demselves. To-morrow vill do der same.

GRETCHEN. Yes; but think, Rip, the money we have to pay Derrick Van Slous to clear our title to the farm is due to-day, and that is trouble enough. How are we to pay it? You know Derrick is a hard man. What *shall* we do?

RIP. (*Laughing.*) Do? Vy, I'll shoost make him poot it on de shlate. Ah, vee'll be all right, leedle frau. I'll make you der finest lady in der land yet. Vat do you say to a fine palace, und carriages, und horses, und siliks, und dresses, eh?

GRETCHEN. Ah, I'm afraid, Rip, that day will never come.

RIP. Nefer you mind, Gretchen; dot day *vill* come. I hafe somedings vat shpeaks to me, und dells me dot a day ish near by dot vill shange for us all. Somedings dells me dot brosberity vill kome to us somevays, und py some mysterious tricks of man's inshinooidy.

GRETCHEN. Ah, Rip, and what do you think I care for all that, if I can only live peaceful in the shelter of your love?

RIP. Vell, leedle vooman, dot you can do now.

(*Exit* RIP *and* GRETCHEN *together, and enter* CAPTAIN *and* KATRINA *from back, arm-in-arm.*)

CAPTAIN. And so you love me. Then you see I was right in saying that this nestling Michigan village was the loveliest spot on earth for me. (*They clasp hands.*)

(*Enter* KNICKERBOCKER, *who starts with anger.* CAPTAIN *sees him and goes up stage.*)

KNICKERBOCKER. (*To* KATRINA.) Ah, so I find you at last, eh? Galivanting, as usual, with that soldier chap, eh? Is that the way you keep your troth with me?

(KATRINA *and* KNICKERBOCKER *come down stage.*)

KATRINA. You silly man! Why can't I meet the friends I esteem, if it suits me, without exciting your jealousy?

KNICKERBOCKER. Yes; but since you are betrothed to me, I can't see why you should not give me a little more of your company, and a little less to those you say you esteem so much. If I only knew for certain that you loved me.

KATRINA. (*Standing before him, and speaking over his shoulder to the* CAPTAIN, *who remains in the background.*) I *do;* I love you better than my own life; better than any one or any thing that lives and breathes.

(KNICKERBOCKER *is in ecstasy, and turns to embrace her. She passes swiftly by him and accepts the arm which the* CAPTAIN *offers her. They exit together left, and* KNICKERBOCKER *goes off running right, expressing his anger and disgust.*)

(*Enter* RIP, *with little* MENIE *on his shoulder. He comes in humming a song, carries* MENIE *to a table and deposits her on it, pretending to be very much fatigued.*)

RIP. (*Wiping his brow.*) Oh my, how heavy you vas! Your poor old fader can't carry sooch a load. (MENIE *has a doll in her hand, which she holds upside down;* RIP *sees it.*) Hullo! vat vas dot? My! vat you do holding your dolly dot vay? Doan't you see das blood ish koming in two blaces on its face? You'll give it a headache, und doan't I know dot ain't no good?

MENIE. Dolly doesn't feel, papa. It's used to headaches.

RIP. So am I, meine liebe; but dey hurt shoost de same. But vat's dis I hear about your blaying mit all dose leedle poys on de village? Doan't you know dot a shentleman's daughter doan't talk to efery poy she meets.

MENIE. (*Hangs her head.*) I only play about, papa.

RIP. But I doan't vant you to blay aboud, mein leedle shveet. Now I dells you vat I do. You know Schneider, mein pig doag; vell, I shoost gif you in sharge of Schneider, und I'll make him frighten all dose leedle poys avay.

MENIE. Then I think I won't have Schneider; besides, it doesn't matter. (*Tosses her head.*) I'm engaged.

RIP. Vat you say?

MENIE. I'm engaged.

RIP. Oh, oh! You vas engaged, eh? Und who might you vas engaged to, eh?

MENIE. To Hans Van Slous. See, here he comes.

(*She jumps off the table and runs to meet him. They embrace.* RIP *looks dumbfounded.*)

HANS. (*Patting* RIP *on the shoulder.*) Hullo, Rip, old boy, how are you?

RIP. None the better for having you bunch me, yungster; but vat's dis I hear aboud you und Menie?

HANS. Why, we're engaged.

RIP. Oh, you vas engaged, vas you? Vell, dot's a purty good dings to shtart mit; but since dot's so, und you are to be my fader-in-law, I vish you to ask me vat you intend to do for a living? Going to be a lawyer, like your unkel, eh?

HANS. Not I. I hate the law, and I wouldn't be a lawyer for anything.

RIP. (*Pleased, takes his hands.*) Dot's right, mein poy: I likes to hear you talk oud dot vay. (*Shake.*) But if you doant vas a lawyer, vat den?

MENIE. Oh, he's going to be a sailor in the navy.

HANS. (*With pride.*) Yes; I'm going to be a bold pirate, and rob people.

RIP. Oh, vell, you shoost might so vell shtop to home und be a lawyer. But kome here, leedle vons, und hear vot I say.

SECOND VERSE.

RIP. Before we ring the marriage bell,
How know you not you'll change as well?
MENIE. The world may change, but I'll stay fast.
HANS. I'll love her to the very last.
RIP. Your childish love is pure and holy;
But think of others you may meet.
MENIE. You'll see I'll love my Hanschen solely.
HANS. I'll ever love my Menie sweet.
RIP. But still the world is ever changing—
New ties you'll surely some day form.
MENIE. There's none like Hans o'er this earth ranging.
HANS. I'll cling to her through peace and storm
RIP. But when the cares of old age come?
HANS. My love for Menie will be strong.
RIP. And should the days of trouble come?
MENIE. I'll help my darling Hans along.
HANS & MENIE } We'll be happy as man and wife.
RIP. They'll be happy as man and wife.
MENIE. And we'll seek together
Lilies by the lake,
Berries in the heather,
Fireflies in the brake.

CHORUS:

ALL. Yes, we'll seek together
Lilies by the lake,
Berries in the heather,
Fireflies in the brake.
Berries in the heather,
Fireflies in the brake,
Berries in the heather,
Fireflies in the brake.
RIP. The world, my darling, is ever on the change;
Once I a little child like you did play;
The lovely woods that now within my vision range,
In time to come will pass away.
The limbs of those now olden,
Tender as yours one day;
These locks of mine, so golden,
Will soon be streaked with gr y.
But though youth may perish,
And flowers decay,
Still your love, dear ones, cherish—
For love is young for aye!
MENIE & HANS. } We'll love each other for aye and for aye!

THIRD VERSE.

RIP. In days to come, remember well
The words of prophecy I tell.
MENIE. Indeed we will, and cherish true.
HANS. And ever think with love of you.
RIP. Yon village hedge, yon mighty mountain,

The weary steed, the heavy coach,
Like sparkles from a summer fountain
Will vanish as the times approach,
And in their place how changed its seeming,
Some wondrous hidden power rise.
Maybe these things will travel steaming—
Shooting like lightning in the skies.
And methinks that future nations,
Telling how these things began,
Will point with pride to steam road stations,
And say they came from Michigan.

MENIE & HANS. We'll still be happy, man and wife.

RIP. (*Laughing.*) They'll still be happy, man and wife.

MENIE. And we'll seek together,
Lilies by the lake,
Berries on the heather,
Fireflies on the brake.

ALL. And we'll seek together,
Lilies by the lake,
Berries on the heather,
Fireflies on the brake,
Berries on the heather,
Fireflies on the brake,
Berries on the heather,
Fireflies on the brake.

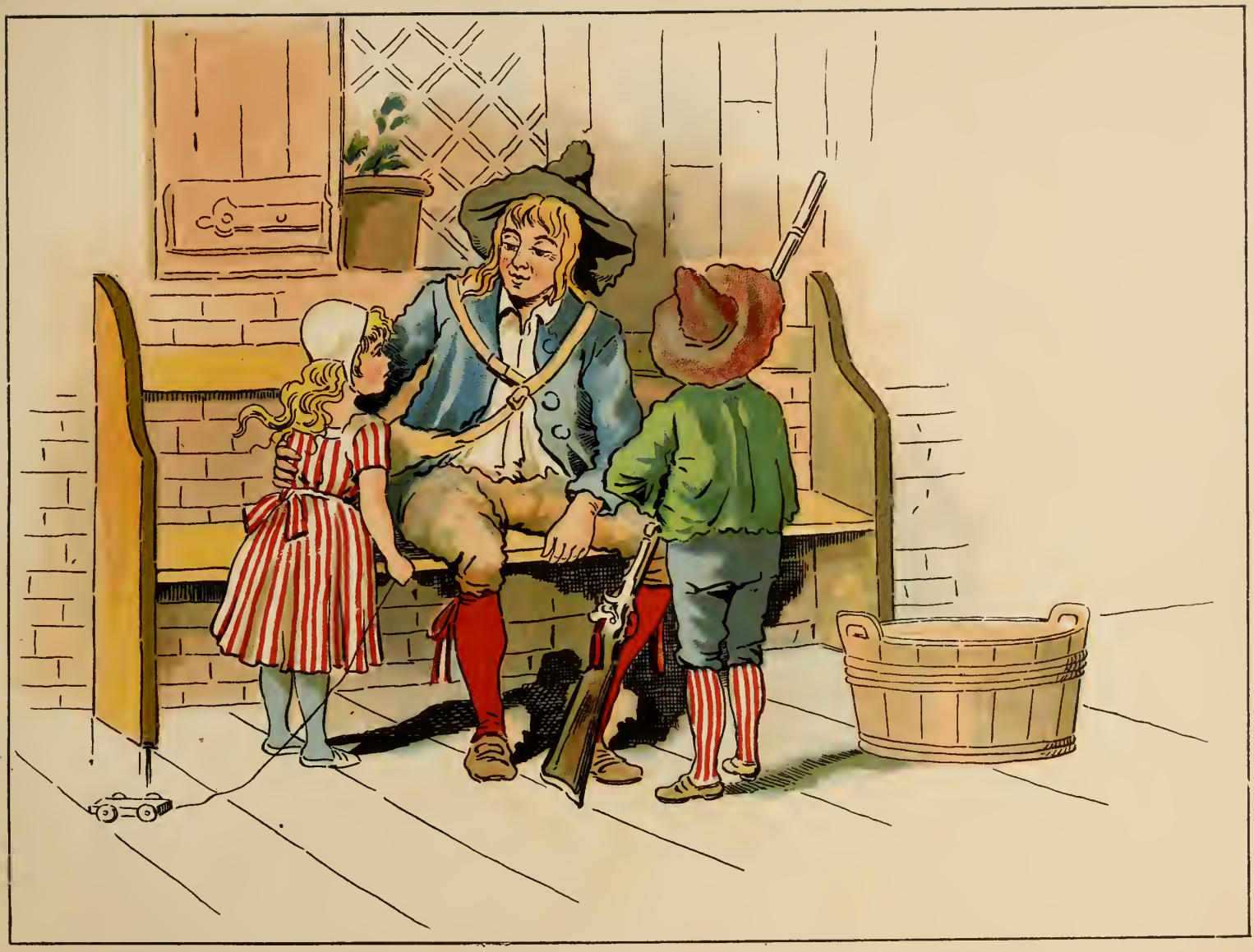
RIP. Dear ones, still lend an ear to Rip Van Winkle;
E'en as these things must surely be,
So will the roll of time your faces wrinkle;
That day, alas! I may not live to see!
These little heads now golden,
These little limbs so firm,
Silvered, shriveled and olden,
Will join old age infirm.
But though youth may perish,
And fair locks decay,
Still my prophecy cherish—
That steam will rule the day.

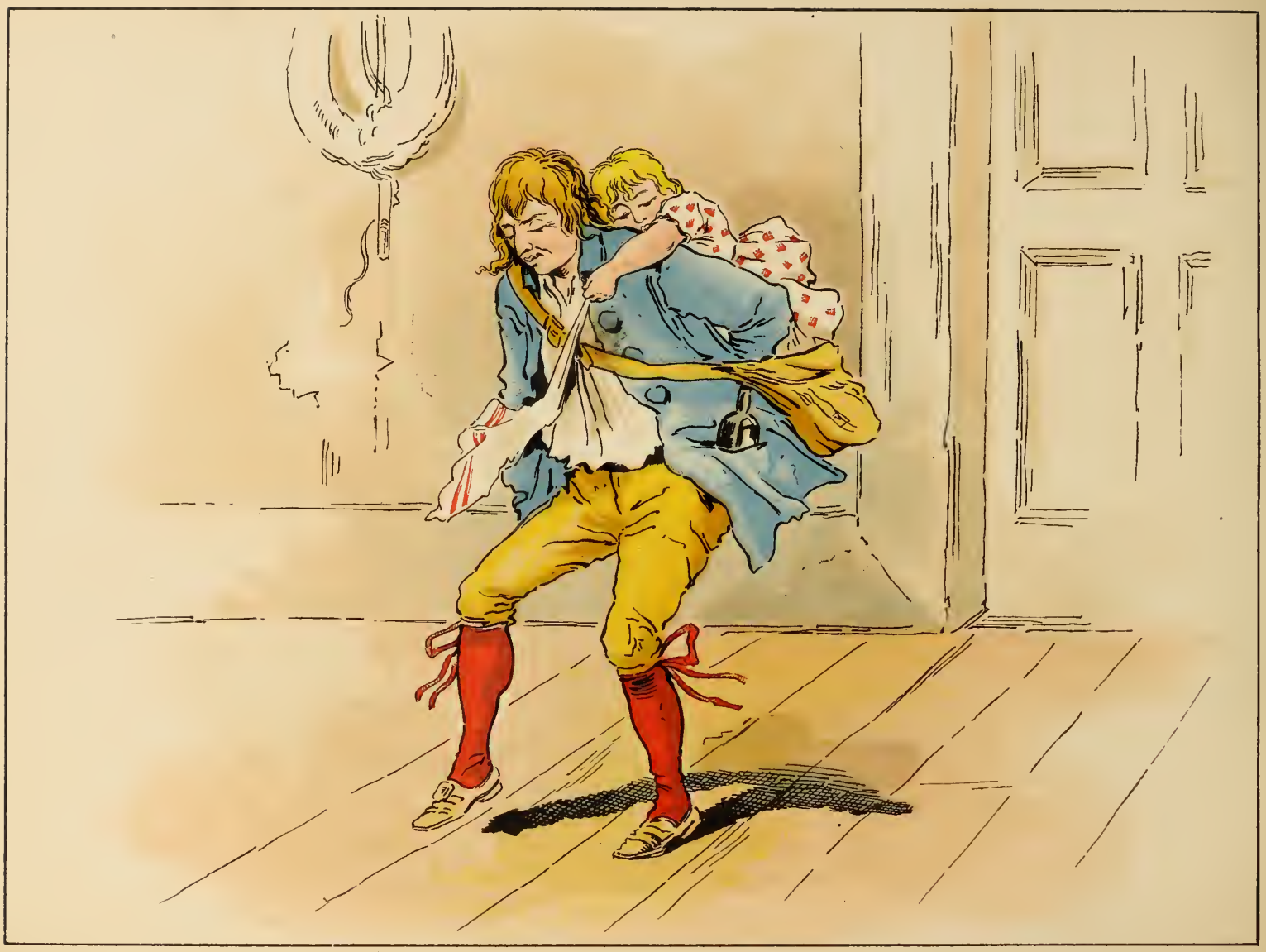
MENIE & HANS. We'll cherish that thought and for aye.

RIP. Und so you remember all I say. Dose dings I told are trudths, though dey kome vrom der mouth of a vanderer. De shange vich nature prings in all dings vill kome to you. Guard vell your love, if you hafe it; it ish too breshus a dings to lose. I tinks I see pefore me now dot vonderful shanges of de future. Somedings knocks at mein head, und a vision of vat ish koming floads pefore mein eyes. Dis beaceful village seems a busy town. Dose green but uncultivated fields teeming mit harvest treasure. De beggars in de sdhreet grow rich. De faces dot are binched mit boverty glow now mit happiness und komfort. Der old shtage goach mit its burden of weary travelers, vanishes like a sommer klowd, und in its blace a mighty moving, shteaming dings, flying dhroo de air as if brobelled by magic. Mein lovely Michigan! Lovely pekase it vas shoost like a leedle simple schild and full of goot dings. Vat vill you be like ven de vorld sees you as I see you now, bursting mit health, wealth und brosberity oud?

MENIE. And all this, papa, you can see?

RIP. Yaw; I see, but I doan't see; but still it's to kome. Somedings dells me of dese dings. Somedings dells me of a power to be





that vill shange der appearance oi earthly affairs, und I feels dat you und I shall some day see it. Remember vat I say.

MENIE. We will, papa.

HANS. We will. But here comes uncle, and doesn't he just look mad?

(*Enter* DERRICK, *who goes straight to* HANS *and tears him away from* ALICE.)

DERRICK. Go home, you young rascal! (*Exit* HANS, *crying.*)

RIP. Vell, dot's a purty vay to be going on. I shoost like to know vat der poy has been a doing now?

DERRICK. I don't wish him to be associating with the child of a vagabond; and I shall chastise him every time I catch him doing so.

RIP. Vell, dot's so; dat vas a fact. I am a vagabond; but danke himmel I vas nefer a lawyer.

DERRICK. Enough of this nonsense. Rip Van Winkle, as you are aware, the amount of money which you owe me to complete your title to the farm falls due to-day. Here in my hand I hold the papers. Now unless you are prepared to settle at once (*aside*), I know he is not (*aloud*), out you go. So the least said about the matter the better.

RIP. (*Laughing.*) Ish dot so? Und ish all dot baber aboud it?

DERRICK. It is.

RIP. Let me see. (*Takes the document and holds it upside down.*) Und ish all dis writing aboud me? (DERRICK *nods.*) Vell, I didn't know pefore dot I vas of so much importance. Und dot baber ish mein title to de farm, eh? (DERRICK *nods.*) Und if I doan't pay dose twenty pounds I'm aus gespielt, eh? (DERRICK *nods again.*) Then I guess I'll shoost pay dot money and keep der baber.

(*He puts the document in his pocket and then begins to fumble for his purse, which he then pulls out of his pocket.*)

DERRICK. (*Aside.*) Perdition! If he pays the money my chances of ever getting the land back are gone forever. (RIP *turns out the money and begins counting it. To* RIP.) Oh, well, that's all right, Rip, I was only joking; you needn't pay the money now, if it isn't convenient. Just give me the deed, and let it stand until it suits you better.

RIP. (*Pushing the money over.*) Dot's all right. You vas very kind; but I tinks I know shoost vat I know. Dere vas your money. Guten tag. (*He shoulders* ALICE *and goes off singing "A Day is Coming when I'll Gaily Sing," etc.* DERRICK *remains in thought a moment, then shrugs his shoulders.*)

DERRICK. Well, perhaps it is just as well. I've got my twenty pounds, and if I had ousted him from his farm everybody in the village would have been down on me. I'll have a bottle on the strength of it. (*Calls out.*) Nick! (*Enter* NICK VEDDER.) A bottle of your good Burgundy, and have a glass with me.

VEDDER. At my own expense?

DERRICK. No, at mine. (VEDDER *goes for the wine.*) He seems surprised. It's true, I don't often break out that way; but here is my chance to pass off some of that false money and swear Rip gave it to me.

(*Enter* VEDDER *with wine.*)

VEDDER. You don't, for a fact; but it's a funny world. (*They drink.*)

DERRICK. (*Throwing down a gold piece.*) Well, that's the way it goes with me.

VEDDER. (*Picking up the gold piece and looking at it.*) Does it? Well, this don't go with me, or a hundred like them.

DERRICK. (*Snatching the money.*) Why not? (*Looks at it.*) Bad, by jingo—and I got it from Rip. (*Looks at the money in the*

bag.) All bad. At last revenge is mine. I'll be even with Rip for this. The soldiers are here, and if I don't have him swinging by the neck for passing false coins, my name isn't Derrick. Here, take this. (*Paying out of his pocket.*) I'll be revenged! I'll be revenged!

(*Exit, hastily.*)

(*Enter Villagers and* GRETCHEN. *Villagers singing*).

CHORUS:

Then let's be gay
Upon this day,
Thank heaven for its bounty,
And fill the glass
To ev'ry lass
And laddie in the county.

(*Enter* RIP, *with gun and game-bag on shoulder.*)

RIP. Vell, girls und poys, I'm off in the voods.

GRETCHEN. Oh, Rip, not now; think of our troubles.

RIP. Our dhroobles, leedle von, are ofer. I've paid Von Slous, und here's der baber. Ven I kome back I'll roam no more.

VEDDER. (*Comes in, running.*) Rip! Rip! what have you been doing, you vagabond! The money you paid to Van Slous just now he says is spurious, and he has gone to fetch the soldiers to place you under arrest! See! here he comes.

RIP. He vas a liar; but de soldiers are too many—I'm off!

(*Enter* DERRICK, *endeavoring to be bland and indifferent.*)

DERRICK. (*To* RIP.) Ah! off so soon again? Leaving your charming wife? That's hardly right. But still you are an honest fellow to pay your just debts, so I suppose we must humor you. But before you go, tell me how you got the gold?

RIP. You vant to know?

DERRICK. I do.

RIP. Vell, I doan't can remember.

DERRICK. (*Losing control of himself.*) Ah! you don't, eh? Well, we'll soon try and force you to recollect. Vagabond! thief! scoundrel! (RIP *goes as if to strike him.*)

GRETCHEN. The soldiers are coming, Rip! Oh, fly, Rip, fly!

RIP. (*To* GRETCHEN.) Meine liebe, good-by. I'll go vere dey cannot find me. See, de old shtage goach vas koming up der hill now. Nicklaus is mein frent, and I'll shoost go mit him to de pine voods, vere no von vill molest me. (*He embraces* GRETCHEN, *then runs up back. At that moment the stage coach passes.* RIP *jumps on. Enter* SOLDIERS; *they level their guns at the coach.* GRETCHEN *rushes in front of them.* KATRINA *makes an appealing motion to* CAPTAIN, *who, in response to her supplication, knocks up the barrels of the guns.* VILLAGERS *wave their handkerchiefs to* RIP *as he drives.* GRETCHEN *kisses her hand. Picture and Curtain.*)

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO.

The last of the First Act repeated in the Forest; but the scene is entirely changed. RIP is still reclining on the ground, in the same attitude, but the distance shows a richly cultivated country. The fields are laden with the new harvest. Where formerly woods, weeds and straggling villages were seen, now stand grain-fields, prosperous townlets and busy factories. Down the former highway which led to the old stage coach hut, which served as a sort of station for travelers, is now a macadamized road, and in place of the hut a palatial building, alongside of which run the bright steel rails of a prosperous railway. The building bears the name of the Michigan Central Railroad. Everything surrounding it denotes happiness and prosperity. RIP'S

hair is gray, his beard long, his gun rusty, and his clothes ragged.

RIP. (*Speaking in his sleep.*) Gretchen ! Gretchen ! mein kind, goot vife Gretchen ! I'm koming, love ! Shoost vait till I get at dot vagabond, Derrick. He shan't dake our leedle home avay—not while I'm aboud. (*Wakes, with emotion.*) Eh ! by Shimini ! Vat is dis ? Vat am I doing here ? Vere am I ? In de voods, by Shimini ! Shoost von't my rib pay me oud for dis, though—shleeping oud all night in de cold ! (*Rises.*) Ho ! how shtiff mein back und mein joints vas ! Oh ! mein neck ! (*Puts his hand to his neck.*) Oh, mein knee ! Oh, mein back ! Somebody's been pounding me, or else I've got dose rheumatics. But vat am I doing here ? Ach ! now I remember. It's all on account of dot Derrick. I took de shtage vrom Shleepy Hollow lasht night, und after nearly breaking mein neck over a nasty road for four hours und a hafe, I kome in here. Ah, but I gave dose soldiers the shlip ! Vere's mein gun ? (*Looks round.*) I left it here. (*Finds a rusty barrel.*) Vell, I nefer ! Some thieves vas here in the night und carried off mein fine new gun und left dis ding in its blace. Vot will mein darling vife say to this ? Well, I guess I'll go down de road now, und dake der goach back to Shleepy Hollow. I hate de journey, it dakes so long, und it nearly breaks efery bone in mein body ; but dere's no blace like home; so here goes—red-goats or no red-goats.

(*Exit.*)

The scene changes to a splendid depot on the Michigan Central Railroad, which now stands on the site of the old hut which once served as a resting-place for the weary stage-coach travelers. The station is a handsome building of modern style. On the walls hang elaborately printed time cards, setting forth the many and undoubted advantages which are to be gained by making use of the facilities offered by the Michigan Central Railroad. One card tells of five splendid trains which run daily each way between Chicago and Detroit. Another card describes the four splendid express trains running daily each way between Chicago, Detroit, Niagara Falls and Buffalo. Still another speaks of the fast New York Express; and still another, of the Atlantic Express, which makes four hours quicker time to New York than any competing line. In one corner hangs a masterpiece in oil, representing a view of Niagara Falls with the line of the Michigan Central Railroad in sight. In another corner a handsome picture representing the interior of one of the five new dining palaces which this enterprising line has just added to its already magnificent system. In a neat ticket office sits a benevolent gentleman with gray hair, and a heart as big as a barn door. He is assisted in his philanthropic occupation of selling tickets on the Michigan Central Railroad by a young man who, if Destiny had not thrown him in the railroad business, would have been a Professor of Theology. Walking up and down the newly-scrubbed and bright-looking platform are two or three well-dressed, intelligent gentlemen in buttons. They are the guardian spirits of the depot. Their special mission in life is to see that everybody who takes the Michigan Central Railroad at their station is made comfortable and happy. They watch with a fatherly eye over old ladies and their baggage, and it is safe to say that they haven't a single grand thought in life which is not blended with the Michigan Central Railroad. The double steel track, which winds its way far out in the adjoining country, is as bright as if it had just been polished by a thousand busy hands. The telegraph wires, whirring with the wind, seem to give out a sweet song of joy.

Everything surrounding the station has the look of gladness and prosperity. Here a thundering factory, alive with the hum of its huge machinery and happy voices. There a foundry, and again the signs of human industry and prosperity everywhere. In the background a thriving city. Far out in the country cultivated fields laden with gath-

ered grain, substantial farm-houses and contented men. And above it all, towering on the top of the depot building like the beacon light of Freedom, a banner with the magic words—The Michigan Central Railroad.

(*Enter* Rip, *tottering, assisting himself with the rusty barrel.*)

RIP. Vat can all dis mean? Am I shdill dreaming? Ven I vent to shleep in de voods lasht night de old goach-house shtood here; but it's here no more. Dis palace is new to me. (*Sees card on the wall describing the Atlantic Express of the Michigan Central Railroad to New York and Boston.*) Hullo! vas ish dis? Vat ish the Michigan Central Railroad? nefer heard of dot pefore; und New Yorick—vat blace is dot? Nefer heard of New Yorick. Dear me! how mein bones do ache! I vish de shtage-goach would kome along, und shtart me off to my dear leedle vife. (*Sees one of the amiable attendants in brass buttons coming.*) Ah, here komes some fellow mit brass buttons all over his goat. He ain't von of dem red-goats, so I vas not afraid of him. I'll ask him. (*To* Agent.) Say, my frent, ven does der next goach go by?

AGENT. (*Politely.*) There are no stage-coaches running in this part of the country now, sir.

RIP. (*Aside.*) Sir! Ain't he shoost bolite! (*To* Agent.) Ach, you're shoaking mit me. I kome here by der old shtage-goach lasht night mit Hans Nicklaus, de driver.

AGENT. (*Politely.*) I assure you, sir, there are no stage-coaches in this part of the country. Where do you want to go to?

RIP. Vell, I vant to go to Shleepy Hollow.

AGENT. Oh, you mean Detroit, twenty miles from here, down the line. They used to call it Sleepy Hollow twenty years ago, before the Michigan Central Railroad was built. The name of the place has been changed with its character. We don't run the Michigan Central for nothing. Next train will be along in fifteen minutes. Good day, sir.

RIP. (*Rubbing his eyes.*) I moost be dreaming. No goach—no Shleepy Hollow! Railroad dhrains! Oh, he's shoaking mit me. (*Sees another* Agent *coming.*) Ah, here's anoder officier. I'll shoost ask him. (*Stops* Agent No. 2.) Can you toald me, Herr Officier, ven de next goach goes to Shleepy Hollow?

AGENT. (*In surprise.*) Coach! Sleepy Hollow! Why, my dear man, there's no coach, and we don't call it Sleepy Hollow. The next train will be along in fifteen minutes, and if you have any intention of taking it, you had better hurry up and get a ticket.

RIP. (*Shaking his head.*) Dey moost all be mad. But berhaps you vill toald me shoost vat a dhrain vas?

AGENT. (*Laughing.*) A train! Well, I suppose it is best described on this road as a number of palaces on wheels, drawn by a mighty and magnificent monster, known as an engine. The engine is propelled by steam.

RIP. Engine! Shteam! Vell, bless mein eyes! I vas telling leedle Hans and leedle Menie last night, dot some day shteam vood do vonderful dings. But all dis seems so shtrange to me, I don't know vat I tinks of it. (*Bell rings, announcing the approach of a train, and suddenly the depot assumes a bustling appearance. Handsome and stylishly dressed ladies assemble on the platform; neatly attired and evidently well-to-do merchants join the crowd.* Rip *watches it all with a wondering gaze.*) Mein gracious! but shoost ain't it funny? (*Looking at the tall silk hats.*) Vat kind of a dings ish dot they've got on der heads! (*The whistle of the approaching engine is heard; then a magnificent train, composed of a couple of baggage cars, a smoker, a dining car, two day coaches, a parlor car and half a dozen sleepers comes thundering into the depot.*)

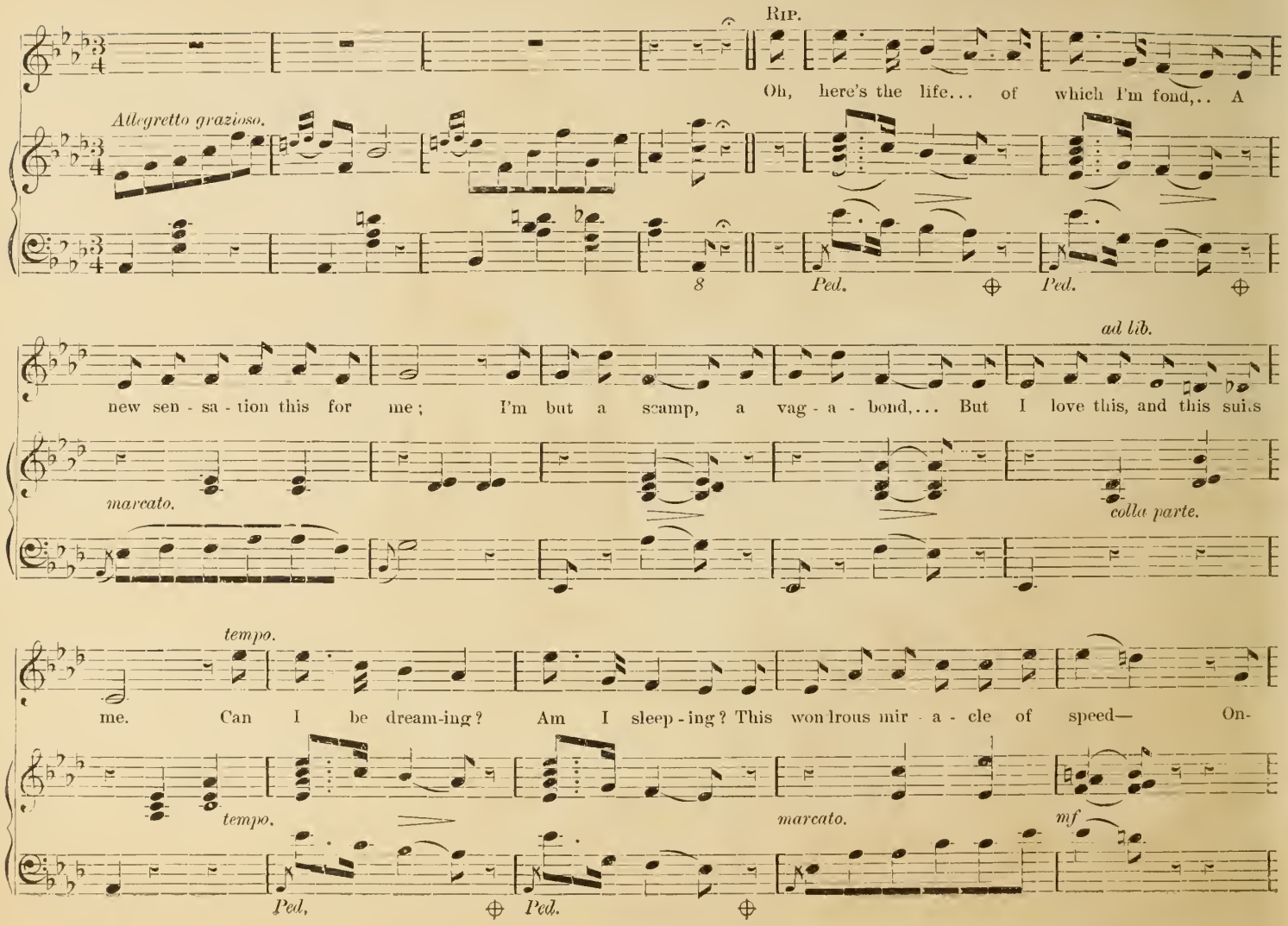
AGENT. All aboard for the East! (Rip *stares, with his mouth*

and eyes open. To RIP.) Now, then, sir, if you are going to Detroit. All aboard. Hurry up; we have no time to lose. (RIP *climbs the step of the car in a half dazed manner. The bell rings, the whistle sounds, and this wonderful result of the genius of mankind and the progress of civilization pulls out of the station.* RIP *raises his hands as he takes in the surroundings.*)

RIP. Vat a shange in a single night!

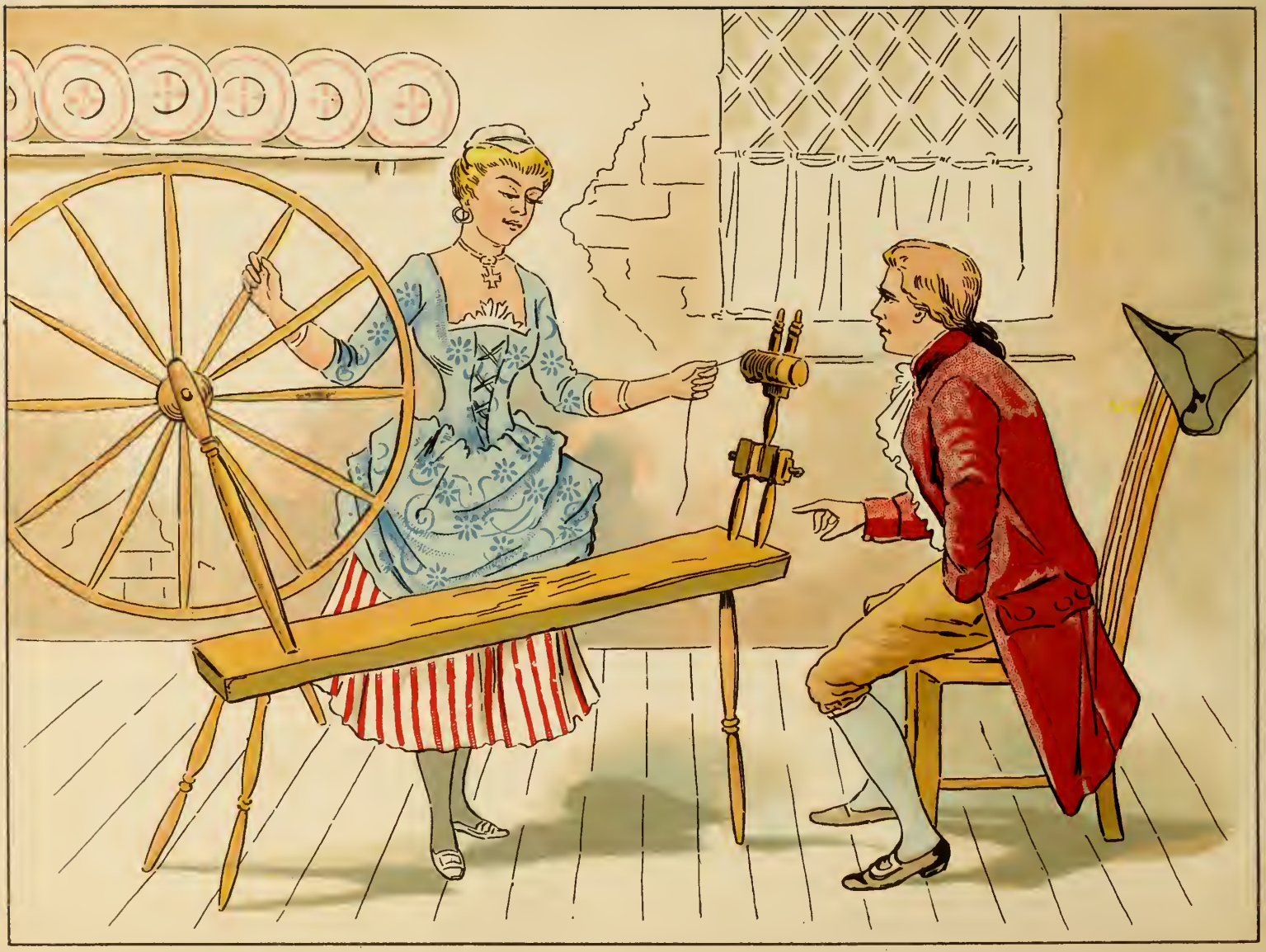
The next scene takes place on board the train; RIP is seated in one of the splendid palace cars for which the Michigan Central Railroad is so famous. An obsequious colored gentleman, in a gorgeous uniform, stands ready to obey his slightest request, but to him he gives but a passing glance. His wonderment at the magnificent panorama which seems to fly past him at lightning speed is shown in the expression of his face. He recognizes from time to time familiar spots, but changed as all else around him. Everything betokens a new, a mighty, and a prosperous era; the hum of the car wheels flying over the track seems to jog his memory on an old familiar song, and after awhile he breaks into the following song, to the air of "Oh, Where's My Girl?"

OH, HERE'S THE LIFE OF WHICH I'M FOND.



This Deed
RIP VAN
WINKLE

Mail



a piacere. *più.*

ward rush-ing, so swift and fleet - ing, This steel-bound road, this i - ron steed; My wits do shake—my brain goes

p colla parte. *più pp*

dim. *f*

so— I thought I knew just what I know.... ..... The day has come, and now I'll gai - ly sing,

dim. *f*

Ped.

p *f* *rit.*

Tra la la la, la la la la; The day has come, and I'm on the wing, Tra la la la, la la la la ....

p *f* *rit.* *f*

Ped.

SECOND VERSE.

But yesterday I passed this way,
  This road was naught but pasture green,
Where hamlets were, I see to-day
  The busy hum of worlds ne'er seen.
Where once ran the peaceful village stream
  Now roars the busy clanking mill;
The people who once did naught but dream
  Are bright with life—no longer still.
My wits do shake, this train goes so,
I thought I knew just what I know.
The day has come, and now I'll gaily sing
  Tra la la la, la la la la,
The day has come, and I am on the wing,
  Tra la la la, la la la la.

THIRD VERSE.

I wonder how these things began,
  This wond'rous change, this steam-road train;
I know I'm still in Mich-i-gan,
  But yet these marvels turn my brain.
They call the Michigan Central Road
  This steaming, magic, flying thing,
Laden with a happy living load,
  With eyes that dance and hearts that sing.
My wits do shake, this train goes so,
I thought I knew just what I know.
A day has come, and now I'll gaily sing
  Tra la la la, la la la la,
The day has come, and I am on the wing,
  Tra la la la, la la la la.

FOURTH VERSE.

If in a night this thing is seen,
  These cities grown, this marv'lous change,
What does the world not owe to steam,
  That conquers all within its range?
The Michigan Central is a boon
  To man and beast, aye! all in sight,
But who thought it could be done so soon—
  This birth of all things in a night?
My head does swim, the train goes so,
I thought I knew just what I know.
The day has come, and now I'll gaily sing
  Tra la la la, la la la la,
The day has come, and I am on the wing,
  Tra la la la, la la la la.

(*At close of song, enter at door of the car,* CONDUCTOR, *who approaches* RIP.)

CONDUCTOR. Ticket, please, sir.

RIP. Ticket! Vat you mean?

CONDUCTOR. I mean what I say, sir. Where are you going?

RIP. Vell, they toald me to get on dis dhrain, as dey call it, und it vood take me to Shleepy Hollow; und so I got on.

CONDUCTOR. (*Laughing.*) Sleepy Hollow! It's Detroit you mean. We'll be there in five minutes. But kindly give me your ticket.

RIP. Ticket! Vat for?

CONDUCTOR. The ticket you received in exchange for the money which entitles you to ride on this train.

RIP. I baid no money. You moost be shoaking mit me.

CONDUCTOR. Then you will have to pay me.

RIP. Oh, poot it on de shlade.

CONDUCTOR. Put it on the slate? What do you mean? We put nothing on the slate now-a-days. I thought that expression had died out with the income of civilization.

RIP. What! Doan't you know me? Doan't you know Rip Van Winkle?

CONDUCTOR. Well, I certainly have heard of Rip Van Winkle. He is one of the popular traditions of this part of the country, but he has been dead these twenty years. But here's Detroit, and as you don't seem to have any money, I suppose it's no use arguing any more about it. (*Here, with a shriek of its great whistle, the iron steed and its glorious load pulls up in the depot of the prosperous city of Detroit.*)

The scene changes to the city of Detroit. Here are seen again the miraculous changes which are noticeable in other parts of the country through which Rip had just come, and through which runs the track of the Michigan Central Railroad. From a sleepy, cosy little country village, Sleepy Hollow has developed into a thriving, bustling, busy town, now known as Detroit. On one side may be seen the handsome buildings of the Michigan Central Railroad. In the distance a fine building, which declares itself as the Town Hall. Well paved streets, prosperous and tastefully fitted stores, fine hotels and any number of handsome public buildings. The present scene is laid on the public square, where the first act is supposed to have taken place. Where stood the little country inn of Nick Vedder, now stands an imposing building, but still bearing the same name. Citizens, with every appearance of prosperity, are on the stage as the curtain goes up.

(*Enter* KNICKERBOCKER, *no longer a country bumpkin, but now a portly, well-fed gentleman, dressed in the latest style of Prince Albert coat and silk hat.*)

KNICKERBOCKER. Thank heaven I made that flying trip to New York, and that the never-failing Michigan Central line brought me back in safety last night. Another day, and I should have been too late for the election. But it isn't quite sure yet. Derrick Van Slous may beat me, but I doubt it. If he does it will be by reason of some of his tarnation tricks.

(*Enter* KATRINA *and other women, dressed as ladies of quality.*)

KATRINA. Well, spouse, and how goes the election? Are we to be the winning party?

KNICKERBOCKER. *We!* Well, I like that. I hope you understand that when *I* am a member of Congress there will be no petticoat government for me.

(*Enter* MENIE VAN WINKLE, *dressed in the very height of fashion.*)

MENIE. (*Running to* KATRINA.) Oh, Katrina, I am so glad I have found you. Look at this letter I have just received. It is from Hans. I know his dear handwriting; but my heart misgives me, and I dare not break the seal.

KATRINA. Come, let us see what Hans says. It is now nearly two years since he went away, poor boy. I shall be glad to hear of his good tidings.

KNICKERBOCKER. Yes, by all means let us know.

MENIE. (*Tremblingly tears the letter open and reads.*) My Darling Menie. (*She blushes.*)

KNICKERBOCKER. Oh, there's no use blushing about it, Menie; you *are* his dearest Menie; we all know that, and so do you.

MENIE (*Reads.*) Almost by the time this reaches you I shall be

with you. I sail for America by the next mail steamer, which will be due in New York almost simultaneously with the mail that carries this letter. I shall take the first train from New York, on the Michigan Central Railroad, and appear in all my rights to claim the girl I love, and to whom I plighted my troth twenty years ago. Twenty years! Do you remember that day, darling, when Rip Van Winkle, your dear old father, patted both our baby heads and sang his words of love and kindness? That day he climbed in the old stage coach for the pine forests, from which he has never returned. Well, he said that times would change, and so they have; but at least I have heeded his advice, and cherished my love for you. I can only pray and hope that you have done as well by me. God bless you!

Your loving HANS.

MENIE. Oh, Herr Knickerbocker, Katrina, what joy! Just think of it! Hans coming home at once—perhaps this very day! I don't know when I have felt so happy before. (*She kisses* KATRINA.) I must go and tell good, kind mother. She will be so glad of my joy.

(*Exit, running.*)

KATRINA. Well, I hope she may. Poor Gretchen! I am pleased to know of anything that will lighten her heavy load in life. I don't believe she has seen a single happy day since the hour that Rip Van Winkle disappeared. That strange disappearance of twenty years ago still remains unsolved.

KNICKERBOCKER. And to think that this very day is the anniversary of the event. Poor Rip! he was a good fellow, with all his faults. His kind-hearted, genial ways have never been equaled by any one since.

KATRINA. No, indeed; and to think that Gretchen and her daughter have been treated so shameful by that contemptible fellow, Derrick, ever since. He turned them out of house and home without a stiver to their names. I don't believe he had the right to do it; for, you know, we heard Rip say to Gretchen the day he left, that he had then in his possession the title from Derrick, which cleared his claim on the property. But then Derrick called for the proofs, and as there has never been any forthcoming, of course there was no defense to his claim, and so they lost the day.

KNICKERBOCKER. Well, a day will come when it will all be changed. There's an hour of reckoning in store for Master Derrick yet, you may depend upon it. But hullo! who is this coming this way? I ought to know his figure.

KATRINA. (*Looking.*) Why, no! yet it must be! It is Hans Van Slous.

(*Enter* HANS, *who goes straight towards them.*)

KNICKERBOCKER. Hans, my dear boy, welcome home!

(*They shake hands.*)

KATRINA. And so say I; right welcome home.

HANS. It is the happiest day of my life. How glad I am to see you. But, first of all, tell me how fares my darling Menie?

KATRINA. As well as you could wish her, and overwhelmed with joy at the prospect of your return.

HANS. The darling girl! God bless her true heart! Then she received my letter?

KNICKERBOCKER. Not half an hour ago. It came in on the last mail. You have followed closely on its heels, as you predicted.

HANS. Yes, I arrived in New York yesterday morning, and jumped on the first express train out of New York, *via* the Michigan Central Railroad.

KNICKERBOCKER. By the Niagara Falls route, eh? Well, the boy shows he has plenty of common sense left.

HANS. (*Laughing.*) Yes; I never forsake a good thing. My

THE

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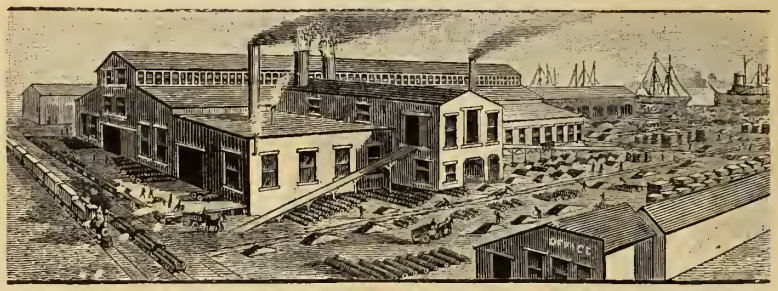

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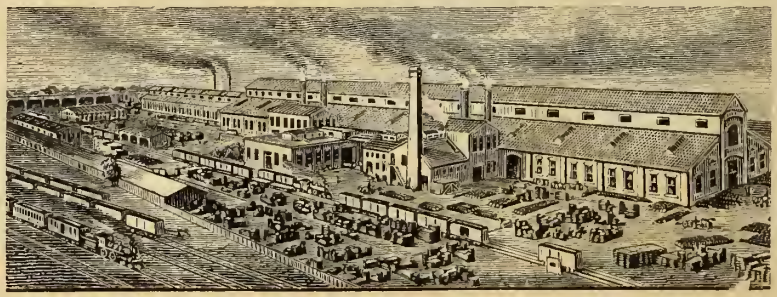

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STEAM
M.C.R.R
PROGRESS
The Michigan Central Rail Road

love for the Michigan Central is as strong as ever. I am one of those who can never forget the boon it has been to my native State.

KNICKERBOCKER. How thoughtless of us, to be sure, to keep you talking here after so long a journey. You must be tired, and require rest.

HANS. (*Laughing.*) Tired! Rest! Why, I have been doing nothing but rest since I started; and as for sleep, I have had enough to last me a month. You seem to forget the beautiful road on which I have been running. The very motion of the cars over the track is a poetry which invites a man to recline in the arms of Morpheus. The trip to me has been one of recreation—not fatigue. If I were a doctor I think I would recommend just such a trip for any man suffering from nervous exhaustion.

KATRINA. Well, conceding all you say, you must be hungry; so come along, and we'll see about some dinner.

HANS. (*Laughing.*) Hungry! Dinner! Must I again bring you back to your senses? Why, I dined only an hour ago on the train, in a car which should have been reserved exclusively for the use of a foreign prince. I don't believe I shall be ready to eat another dinner for a month. I think the meal was a feast fit for the gods. Picture to yourself a coach fitted up like the *Chambre de Luxe* of an oriental potentate. Tables decked with snow-white linen, costly ware and massive silver. A cuisine, the like of which I have not encountered in all my travels. A bill of fare which might well make the veriest epicure turn green with envy. Waiters, who seemed to be mixtures of ebony, snowflake and politeness, and who moved noiselessly over the rich Turkey rugs, obedient to my slightest wish. Wines, tempered to a nicety, and iced to perfection; and to wind it all, a cup of mocha that might have turned the head of a Sultan of Turkey, and a *commercial* cigar that Havana must have exported especially to win my palate. Dinner! Don't talk to me about dinner again until you see me starting on my wedding trip, on my way to Niagara Falls.

KATRINA. You are an enthusiast.

HANS. Enthusiast! Not a bit of it; merely an appreciative atom of humanity. I know the difference between good and bad, that is all; and I cannot help contrasting the things that are with the things that were. Think of the days when we were children, and this place was a wilderness! Look at it now! Think of the barren, valueless country which surrounded us twenty years ago, and then think of it as I saw it to-day, rich in its new life, as I whizzed past in the car. Think of the old break-down coach as it was in the days when poor Rip Van Winkle took his last ride from Sleepy Hollow, and then think of the magnificent railroad system of to-day. Is not that enough even to excuse a man for being enthusiastic? But speaking of Rip, you tell me Alice is well; thank heaven for that; but how is Gretchen?

KATRINA. Poorly, poor woman. Things have gone wrong with them since you left, and all on account of that lawyer of an uncle of yours. He has insisted on what he calls his rights, and he has ousted them from the farm.

HANS. (*Angrily.*) The villain! I expected as much; but I suppose he goes by the law, and there is not much use fighting that. They shall both have a home with me, though.

KATRINA. By the way, Hans, you know the election for Congressman for this district takes place to-day, and my man, Knickerbocker, here, is a candidate for office. I suppose we may count on your vote?

HANS. Who is running against you, Knickerbocker?

KNICKERBOCKER. Your uncle, Derrick Von Slous.

HANS. (*Holding out his hand.*) Then my vote goes for you. But come, I'm burning with impatience to embrace my darling Alice.

While a dinner on the Michigan Central Railroad is a capital thing to satisfy an appetite, it has not much effect in quenching love. So come along.

KNICKERBOCKER. All right; and we'll take occasion to deposit your vote for me at the same time. (*All exit, laughing; slow music, and enter* RIP. *He looks around him in a dazed way.*]

RIP. Shurely dis is der old blace, but how shanged! Dere is de old village vell, und dere is de blace vere Nick Vedder's blace should be; but it ain't Nick Vedder's blace. (*Goes and reads sign.*) Nick Vedder! Vell, I moost be crazy! (*Calls.*) Nick Vedder! Nick Vedder!

(*Enter* NICK VEDDER, JUNIOR.)

VEDDER. Who's that shouting out my name in that unseemly manner in the public street? (*To* RIP.) Oh, it's you, is it? What do you want, old man?

RIP. (*Laughing.*) Old man! Vell, dot's purty goot. Vell, I doan't vant you, und dot's a fact. I vas calling for Nick Vedder.

VEDDER. Well, that's my name; and I guess I'm about the only Nick Vedder in these parts.

RIP. Ish dot so? Vell, dot's purty goot again. Vell, doan't you know me?

VEDDER. No, sir; I can't say that I ever had the pleasure of seeing you before.

RIP. Vat, doan't you know Rip Van Winkle?

VEDDER. Well, I have heard of Rip Van Winkle.

RIP. Vell, I'm Rip Van Winkle.

VEDDER. (*Laughing.*) Why, you are crazy, old man. Rip Van Winkle has been dead these twenty years.

RIP. Oh, you're shoaking mit me. I'm Rip Van Winkle. I vent up in de voods by de old shtage-goach lasht night, und I shlept oud all night, und I've got de rheumatics, so let me have a trink.

VEDDER. All right. (*Aside.*) He's a poor crazy vagrant. I suppose it's just as well to humor him. (*Exit in house.*)

RIP. Vell, I nefer! I really tinks I moost be going oud of mein head.

(*Enter* VEDDER *with drink.* RIP *drinks.* VEDDER *holds out his hand for his pay;* RIP *shakes it.*)

RIP. Dat vas goot. Dat vas goot.

VEDDER. Well, I'm glad you liked it; but if it's just as convenient to you, I'd like the money for it.

RIP. Oh, poot it on de shlade.

VEDDER. Well, we don't give any trust here. I thought that custom and the expression died with my poor father.

RIP. Your fader! Who vas your fader, poy?

VEDDER. My father, why, Nick Vedder, of course. He died fifteen years ago.

RIP. More shoaking mit me, eh? Vell, I subbose it amuses you. But do you know mein frau, Gretchen? She lives in dot leedle house back of de hill.

VEDDER. I know Frau Van Winkle, if that's who you refer to. She doesn't live back of the hill, for all that locality is turned into a public park now. She is stopping with some friends on Woodward Avenue. (*Enters house and shuts door.*)

RIP. Bublick park! Vas fur a ding is dot? Woodward Avenue! Vell, eferybody's gone crazy mit his prains, and dot's a fact vat is a fact, und I'm gone mad mit 'em. Vell, here's de old vell, anyhow, und I'll shoost vash mein face und make meinself look neat, and den go und find mein Gretchen. (*Exit* RIP, *tottering.*)

MICHIGAN
CENTRAL
Chicago
NEWS LETTER
TIME
TABLE
MICHIGAN
CENTRAL

(*Enter* HANS *and* MENIE *together.*)

HANS. And so, darling, we are together once more, never to be parted again.

MENIE. Ah, Hans, my cup of happiness is nearly complete.

HANS. Nearly, darling; should it not be quite so?

MENIE. It is so, Hans, as far as you and your love can make it—but my poor mother.

HANS. Yes.

MENIE. Her misery makes mine. You know the trouble your uncle has brought upon us. And then again, to-day is the anniversary of my poor father's disappearance.

HANS. How well I remember the day he left, to return no more.

MENIE. Yes, Hans, you and I were little children then; but do you remember how, on this very spot, he took us both by the hand and sang his words of love and prophecy of the future?

HANS. His words ring in my ears now; and how true were his predictions! You remember he foretold of a future state of things which would come through the mighty influence of steam. He told of things which have since come to pass, of new life in the world, of progress, civilization, culture, prosperity and contentment. Riches would come to his loved State of Michigan by that same influence. And has it not all come to pass as he predicted? And has not the Michigan Central Railroad been the instrument which carried truth to his words?

MENIE. It has, Hans. You remember, also, that he told us to cherish our love; and I think that, could he see us now, he would be happy indeed to know that we had kept our promise.

(*Enter* RIP *at back, followed by bootblacks, runners and urchins, who hoot at and make fun of him.* HANS *rushes up to protect him.*)

HANS. Off, you vagabonds! have you no sense of decency about you? What has he done to you?

BOOTBLACK. (*Looking down, ashamed.*) Nothing; only he is a crazy man, and he says his name is Rip Van Winkle.

MENIE and HANS. (*Start.*) Rip Van Winkle!

RIP. Yaw, Rip Van Winkle; I vas Rip Van Winkle ven I vas born, und I vas Rip Van Winkle ven I vent in de voods lasht night, und if you hae a fine town und a fine railroad now, I vas shtill Rip Van Winkle to-day.

HANS. (*Pitying.*) Poor old man, he is indeed crazy! (*To* ALICE.) Still we must humor him. (*To* RIP.) But if you are Rip Van Winkle, surely you would know your own child, wouldn't you?

RIP. Vat, mein leedle Menie—mein shveet leedle golden-haired Menie!

MENIE. (*Starts, and speaks gently to him.*) Well, do you know me? I am Menie Van Winkle.

RIP. (*Turns and looks at* MENIE, *then starts violently.*) Vy, you look like mein Gretchen, mein loved frau. She vas your mutter. Menie! Menie! doan't you know your fader? (MENIE *recoils*).

HANS. If you are Rip Van Winkle, have you nothing by which you can make us recognize you?

RIP. (*Shakes his head mournfully.*) No, nodings. If you doan't know me, dere is nodings I have that vood make you know me. (*Thinks.*) Shtop! If you are mein leedle Menie, doan't you remember dot song I sang you lasht night, before I vent in de woods?

HANS and MENIE. (*Eagerly.*) Yes, yes.

RIP. (*Tries to remember.*) No, no; it's no use. Mein poor head! how it does schvim! Ah, yaw, I remember now. (*Sings. These little heads, etc. Business.*)

THESE LITTLE HEADS.

(RIP VAN WINKLE AND CHILDREN.)

RIP.

Ere the mar - riage con - tract is drawn.....

Moderato non troppo.

f *f*

ALICE.

What have you got..... to live up - on? You sil - ly man,.. we'll live with you!

HANS.

Of course! of

course! that's what we'll do! .....

(RIP *laughs and shakes his head.*)

RIP.

A

rit.

R.

care - ful wife ne'er lives in fol - ly When her good - man's at work a - way.

ALICE.

You'll see how neat I'll keep my

p

HANS.

dol - ly! I'll bring her birds'-nests ev - 'ry day!

RIP.

But, if my girl's her hus - band flout - ing, Or if my

son - in - law's too gay?..

ALICE.

E - ven then, he'd ne'er find me pout - ing!

HANS.

And I'd just let her flout a -

pp

H. way! Rip. But days are long .. in sum - mer time? Alice. We'll go a - nut - ting in the wood! Rip. But when they're

mf *mf*

Alice. *pp* *rit.* We'll be hap - py as man and wife!

Hans. O slid - ing's fa - mous, snow-ball - ing good! *pp* *rit.* We'll be hap - py as man and wife!

R. white.. with win - ter's rime? *pp* *rit.* (Ah! how lit - tle they know of life!)

colla parte.

MICHIGAN
CENTRAL
·THE·
·NIAGARA·FALLS·
·ROUTE·
·EAST·&·WEST·

TO THE
MICHIGAN CENTRAL

Allegro assai.

ALICE.

And we'll seek to - geth - er Lil - ies by the lake, Ber - ries in the heather, Fire-flies in the brake! ....

leggiero. *mf*

pp Allegro assai.

Yes! we'll seek to - geth - er Lil - ies by the lake, Ber - ries in the heath - er, Fire-flies in the brake! .

HANS

Yes! we'll seek to - geth - er Lil - ies by the lake, Ber - ries in the heath - er, Fire-flies in the brake!

RIP.

Yes! we'll seek to - geth - er Lil - ies by the lake, Ber - ries in the heath - er, Fire-flies in the brake!

p *Ped.* *Ped.*

A.

Ber - ries in the heath-er, Fire-flies in the brake! Ber - ries in the heath-er, Fire-flies in the brake!

H.

Ber - ries in the heath-er, Fire-flies in the brake! Ber - ries in the heath-er, Fire-flies in the brake!

R.

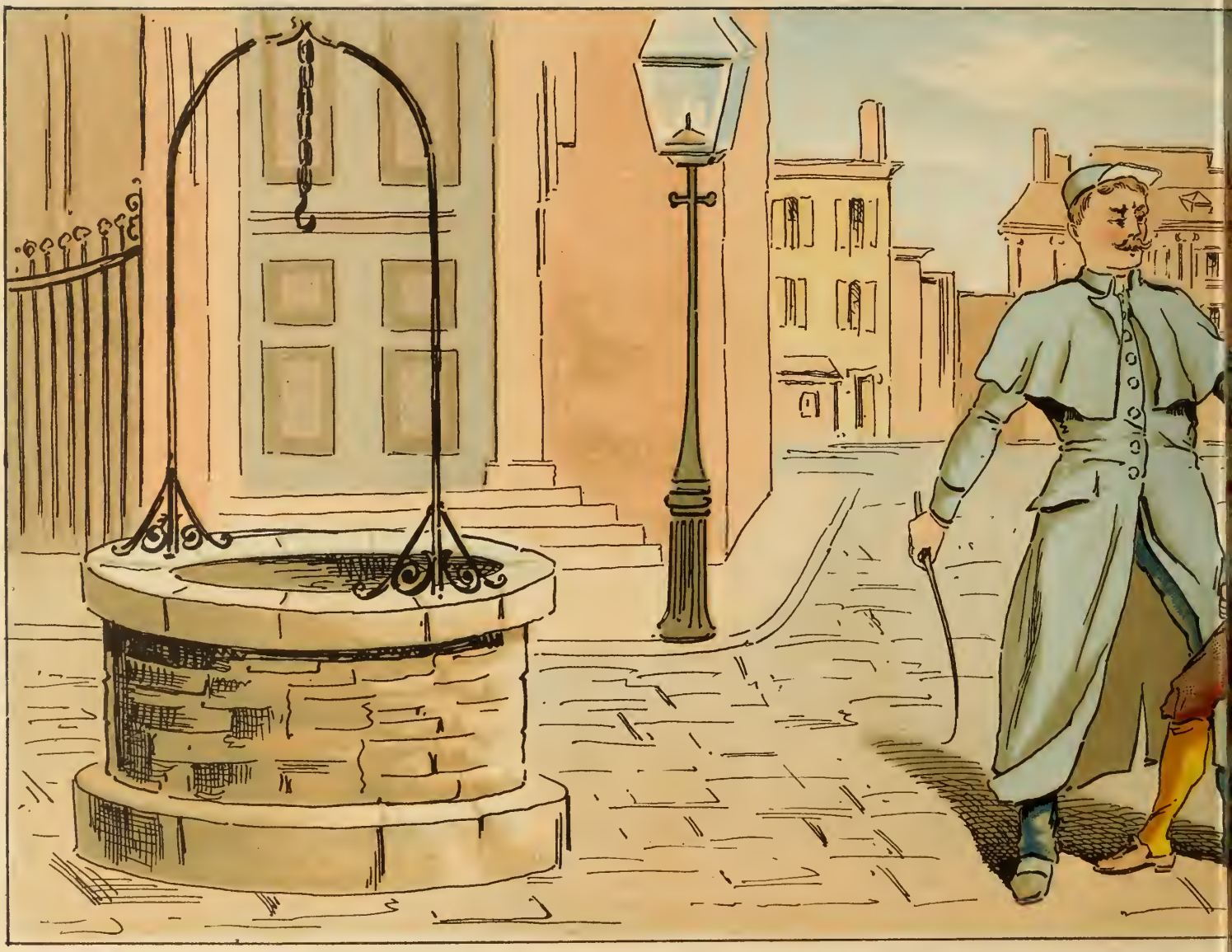
Ber - ries in the heath-er, Fire-flies in the brake! Ber - ries in the heath-er, Fire-flies in the brake!

f

Moderato non troppo,

RIP.

Brave boy! and thou, my flax - en - headed daugh - - ter! Why must I tell you these fair things shall die? The ber - ry



MORNING

To the
MICHIGAN
CENTRAL
DEPOT

R. *ad lib.*

red, the lil - y by the wa - - ter; That for you dark days may be nigh?..... These lit - tle

animato. *ff*

Moderato con espressione.

heads, now gold - en, Sil - ver'd one day may be; Trembling, and frail, and

old - - en, (That day I may not see!) But though flow - - ers may per - ish, And though

R.

dolce. *rit.*

youth may de - cay; Still your love, dear ones, cher - - ish, For love is young for....

Ped. *rit.* *p*

ALICE. *pp* *rit.*

We'll love each oth - er, and for aye!... We'll love each oth - er, and for aye!.....

HANS. *pp*

We'll love each oth - er, and for aye!... We'll love each oth - er, and for aye!.....

RIP.

aye!.... for aye!.....

pp *rit.* *ppp* *un poco rit.*

MENIE. It is indeed my dear father! Oh, Hans, what will mother say?

HANS. Dear Rip, how glad I am to see you!

RIP. Vell, you two have grown purty vell since lasht night, enny vay. But Gretchen; vat vas all dis? I must see mein Gretchen.

KNICKERBOCKER. (*Enter, running.*) Victory! victory! The day is mine! I've beaten Derrick Von Slous, and I'm your newly elected member to Congress! Give me joy!

RIP. Vat, Knickerbocker, doan't you know me? Doan't you know your old frent Rip?

KNICKERBOCKER. (*Looks at him and shakes his head.*) Poor man, he's crazy.

MENIE. Not in the least; this is my dear father, as surely as the sun shines for us all.

KNICKERBOCKER. Impossible.

RIP. Und vy impossible? Doan't I know you? but how you vas shanged! Lasht night, ven I vent in de voods, you vas a nice comfortable old burgomeister; no vat you say, you vas a membrance of Congress. Vell, I doan't know vat dat vas, but I nefer saw a dings like dot on enny man's head (*pointing to silk hat*) pefore dis morning, und dot ish a fact vat is a fact.

(*Enter* GRETCHEN.)

GRETCHEN. Oh, Menie, what news! Herr Knickerbocker, let me be the very first to congratulate you on your victory over that horrible wretch, Derrick Von Slous. I know Hans will not mind my words. (HANS *shakes his head.*)

MENIE. (*Goes to* GRETCHEN.) Mother, can you prepare yourself for a joy so intense that it nearly bereft me of reason?

GRETCHEN. (*Fondly patting her on the head.*) What, your marriage, little one?

MENIE. No, mother, not that. Don't you know who this is? (*Points to* RIP. *She shakes her head.*)

RIP. Gretchen, doan't you know me? Doan't you know your dear Rip? (GRETCHEN *looks at him as if she considered him crazy.*) Oh, but Gretchen, how you vas shanged since lasht night. How fat you vas grown, and vat fine clothes you have.

GRETCHEN. The man is an impostor, a maniac. My husband, sir, has been dead these twenty years!

RIP. Vell, dot's a fact vat ain't a fact, und shoost you poot it on de shlade. (GRETCHEN *starts.*) I ain't been dead at all, only shleeping in de voods.

MENIE. (*Goes to* RIP. *Aside.*) Sing one of the old songs she loved so well; I will join you in it; she will recognize you then fast enough. (RIP *nods, and sings another verse of* "*These little heads now golden.*")

RIP. But all dot vas shanged now, und all mein love for gun and canoe vas turned to higher dings.

GRETCHEN. (*Recognizing him.*) Rip! Rip! Home to my heart at last! Menie, this is indeed a happy reward for all my trouble.

KNICKERBOCKER. Rip, you are welcome. I know you are Rip now. Come, your hand, man, and God bless you! But where have you been all this while?

RIP. All dis vile? Vy, I've been in de voods. Ven I left here lasht night, und all vas changed. I voke up dis morning mit de rheumatics, vorse as nodings, und de vorld seems downside up. Vell, den I gives it up, but I dank Heaven dot

"Though men may die, and flowers decay,
Love is young for aye and aye."

(*He puts an arm round* MENIE *and* GRETCHEN.)

(*Enter* DERRICK VON SLOUS.)

DERRICK. (*Furious.*) Herr Knickerbocker, there has been some trickery about this business, and I give you fair warning that I shall resort to every known legal method to contest your election!

KNICKERBOCKER. Contest anything you please. (*Snaps his fingers.*)

DERRICK. And as for you, sir, I understand that you cast your vote against me; and that, further, it is your avowed intention to marry that beggar's brat there (HANS *starts*), Rip Van Winkle's daughter. Take warning, sir, that, as surely as you do, I will leave every shilling of my money away from you.

GRETCHEN. And if she is a beggar's daughter, who made her so but you? Who turned her mother out on the world, without a roof to her head? Who deprived her of property which, since the railroad came into the town, has risen three hundred times in value? You! And yet you are ready to taunt her with her poverty. (RIP *listens attentively.*)

DERRICK. Tut, tut, woman, I came by the property honestly and fairly.

RIP. (*Rushes forward.*) You lie! (*Business.*)

DERRICK. Eh! Who is this madman?

RIP. No madman, Derrick Von Slous, but Rip Van Winkle!

DERRICK. (*Starts.*) Rip Van Winkle! (*Recovers himself.*) Rubbish! Rip Van Winkle has been dead these twenty years.

RIP. Not mooch. Did I not see you on dis very blace lasht? Ah, doan't say you doan't know me; und did I not pay you de money for to clear mein title to de broberty? und did you not declare de money vas false, eh?

DERRICK. (*Aside.*) Perdition! If this should be Rip Van Winkle returned, I am indeed a lost man.

RIP. Und did you not gif me de baper vich cleared mein title, eh?

DERRICK. Never—

RIP. You lie!

MENIE. Hush, father, don't quarrel with him; he is a bad man.

GRETCHEN. But if he gave you the paper you speak of, Rip, what did you do with it?

RIP. Do mit it! (*Business.*) Vy, I vas got it in mein bocket. Here it vas! (*Takes it out and shows it.*)

KNICKERBOCKER. True, by Jimini! I know Derrick Von Slous' signature among a thousand.

DERRICK. I am undone! There is safety only in flight!

(*Exit.*)

KNICKERBOCKER. Ah, the wretch has made himself off. Never mind, good people, I will see you reinstated in your rights, and that quickly enough. Why, Rip, you come back a rich man. The little lot of land you owned before you went away has risen in value at least a hundred times. It has gone with the times, Rip; the income of the Michigan Central Railroad has wrought miracles in every direction.

RIP. So I see. Und so, little vons, you remembered mein vords, eh? und you have shtuck to von anoder! Vell, und ven does it took blace?

HANS. Our plans are all matured, and to-morrow Alice becomes my wife.

RIP. All right; und ve all go on an excursion togedder to vat you call 'em, Niagara Falls.

MENIE. Oh, how capital that will be.

HANS. Agreed; I'll get the tickets this very day, and we'll make up a party to visit the Falls. Think of the treat in store for you all!

TO TH MICHIGAN
CENTRA RR
DEPOT

MICHIGAN
CENTRAL
THE
NIAGARA FALLS
ROUTE
EAST & WEST

CHICAGO
NEWS-LETTER
BUILDING
BRANCH-OFFICE

Finis.
MICHIGAN
CENTRAL
RR
VICH

The very journey itself is something that is in itself a reward for living in this century.

RIP. (*Takes off his hat; gathers them around him.*) Vell, I'm glad to be mit you vonce more; more glad as never vas. I've shvore off, you know; I only trinks on peezness, und dis is peezness. Kome, Vedder, give me a cup. (*They give him a glass of wine.*) No, no; no more vine. Gif me ein glass of Nature's vine. (*They give him a glass of water.*) Und now let me trink to you all. Here's to your goot health, und your family's goot health, und everbody's goot health, und the Michigan Central's goot health, und may you all live long und brosper. Und let us all join in thanking Heaven—

MENIE. (*Whispers.*) And the Michigan Central Railroad—

RIP. Und de Michigan Central Railroad, for the blessings vich have been showered down upon our loved country.

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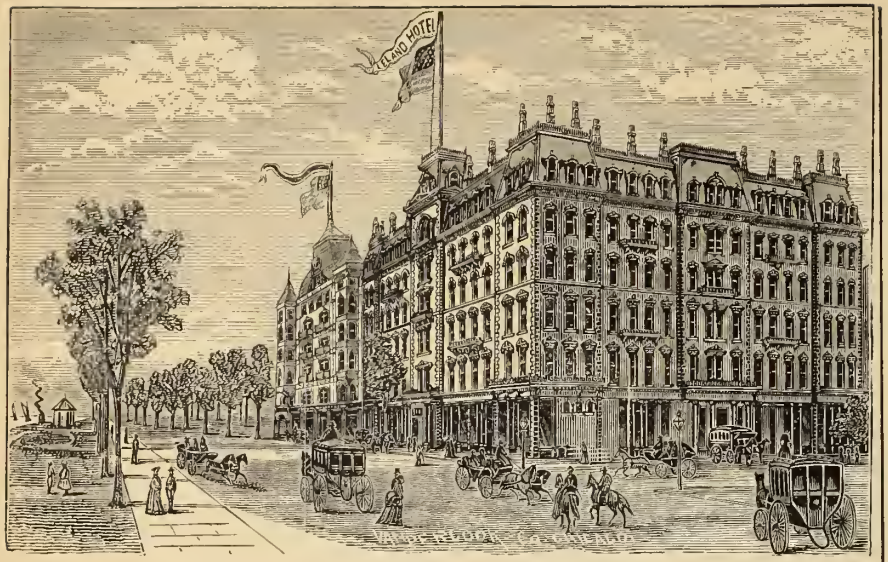

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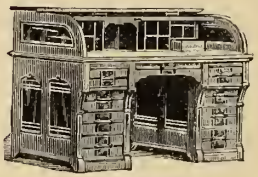

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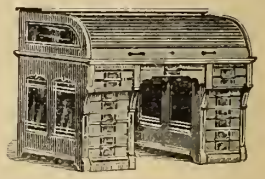

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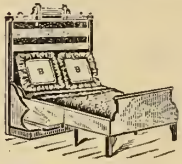

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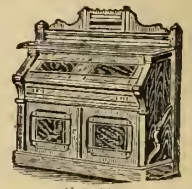

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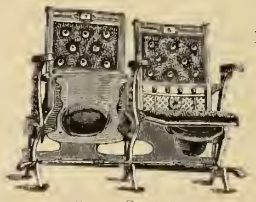

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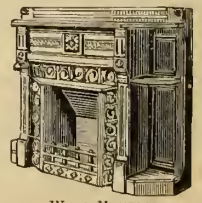

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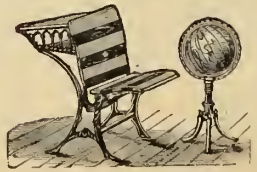

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Also, Proprietors and Packers of the Celebrated "BATAVIA" Brand of Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

Preserved Strawberries,
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Lawton Blackberries,
Pine Apples,
White Cherries,
Egg and Gage Plums,
Crawford Peaches,
Bartlett Pears,
Pie Plant, Apples,
Oranges, Quinces, etc.

Sweet Corn,
Choice Tomatoes,
Marrowfat Peas,
Asparagus,
Stringless Beans,
Red Kidney Beans,
Baked Beans,
Pumpkins,
Fine Sifted Peas,
Squash, etc.

All Fruits bearing "BATAVIA" brand are of a superior quality. In the preparing of them the best granulated sugar is used, and for fine flavors they are unsurpassed. The VEGETABLES are put up fresh as brought from the field, thereby retaining all their original sweetness and tenderness.

Ask your grocer for "BATAVIA" Canned Fruits or Vegetables and they will certainly please you.

The following brands of Table Luxuries are guaranteed to be of most excellent quality:

FRENCH PRUNES—Those prepared and packed by A. Dufour & Co., Bordeaux, are of excellent quality.
CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S (London) Pickles, Sauces, Pastes, etc.
OLIVE OIL—S. Rae & Co.'s (Leghorn, Italy) Lucca Oil is strictly pure Olive Oil of the finest quality.
ENGLISH COCOA—J. S. Fry & Sons' Homœopathic, Caracus and Extract Cocoa are not excelled for purity in the world.
EXTRA FAMILY CHOCOLATE—That manufactured by C. D. Brooks is of a most superior quality. Ask for Brooks' Extra Family Chocolate.
FANCY BISCUIT—Walter G. Wilson's Wafers and Pearce's Sodas are the best.
FRENCH PEAS—A. Dufour & Co.'s Ferbos brand of Fine and Ext. Fine Peas are unsurpassed.
MUSHROOMS—A. Dufour & Co.'s Ferbos brand are the best.
GORDON & DILWORTH'S Preserves in glass, Olives in glass or kegs.
SAN JOSE (California) Preserves in glass, pints and quarts.
TABLE RAISINS—Dehesa's Clusters and Impl. Cabinets.
FIGS—All varieties, from Standard to finest Layers.
RICHARDSON & ROBBINS' Plum Pudding and Canned Meats.
GREAT WESTERN—Boned Chicken, Boned Turkey, Potted Meats, etc.
DUNBAR'S Preserved Figs, Canned and Potted Shrimps, Green Turtle, etc.
KEMMERICH'S Extract of Beef is the best.
PHILLIPPI & CANAUD Sardines are the finest Sardines packed.
HAMBURGER Eels in Jelly are a most delicate luxury.
CAYUGA TOMATO CATSUP surpasses all others.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

CHOCOLATE CREAMS

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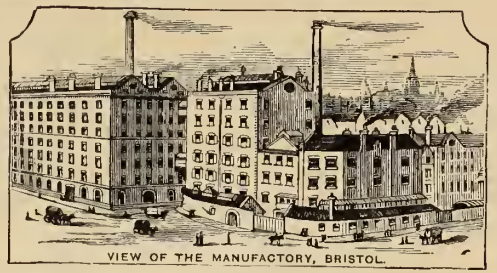

VIEW OF THE MANUFACTORY, BRISTOL.

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—Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

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PERFECTLY PURE HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
Standard Flavoring
EXTRACTS

Burnett's Cologne,
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Are pre-eminently the best.

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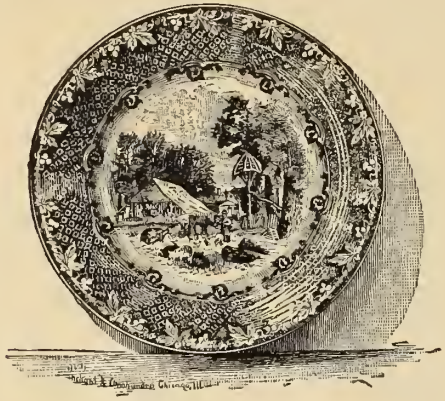
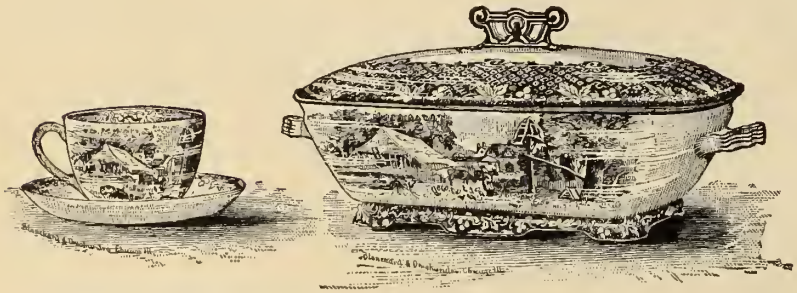
The New "KENWOOD" Pattern.

DECORATED ON IVORY BODY, IN TWO COLORS OF DECORATION—A DARK BROWN OR A PENCIL BLACK.





THE ABOVE CUT SHOWS A PLATE, TEA CUP AND SAUCER AND COVERED VEGETABLE DISH.

We have this Pattern, Either Color, in the following Sets:

KENWOOD DINNER SET. 150 Pieces.

Price of Set, $25.00.

1 Soup Tureen, Complete.
Gravy Tureen, Complete.
1 Sauce Boat and Stand.
2 Pickles.
2 Oval Deep Dishes.
1 Oval Covered Dish.
1 Square Covered Dish.
1 Covered Butter.
3 Meat Dishes, 16, 14 and 10 in.
12 Dinner Plates.
12 Breakfast Plates.
12 Tea Plates.
12 Soup Plates.
1 Bowl.
2 Cake Plates.
12 Tea Cups and Saucers.
12 Coffee Cups and Saucers
12 Preserves.
12 Individual Butters.
1 Sugar Bowl.
1 Creamer.

KENWOOD SUPPER SET. 95 Pieces.

Price of Set, $16.50.

1 Sauce Boat and Stand.
2 Pickles.
2 Oval Deep Dishes.
1 Oval Covered Dish.
1 Square Covered Dish.
1 Covered Butter.
2 Meat Dishes.
12 Breakfast Plates.
12 Tea Plates.
1 Bowl.
2 Cake Plates.
12 Tea Cups and Saucers.
12 Preserves.
2 Individual Butters.
1 Sugar Bowl.
1 Creamer.
1 Tea Pot.

KENWOOD TEA SET. 56 Pieces.

Price of Set, $7.00.

1 Sugar Bowl.
1 Tea Pot.
1 Creamer.
12 Tea Plates.
12 Sauce Plates.
12 Tea Cups and Saucers.
1 Bowl.
2 Cake Plates.

The above sets securely packed and delivered at any depot in Chicago, free of expense to the purchaser.

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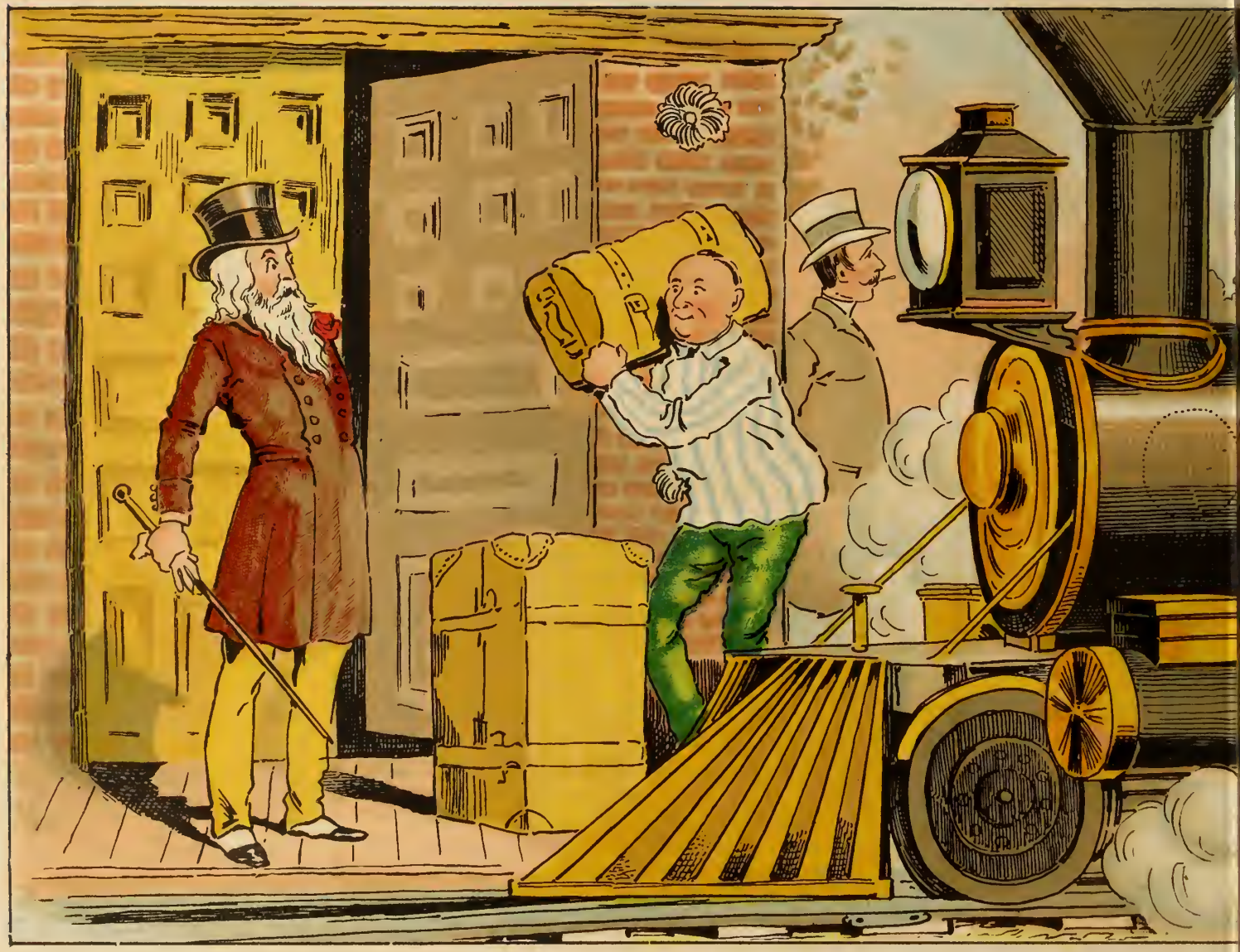

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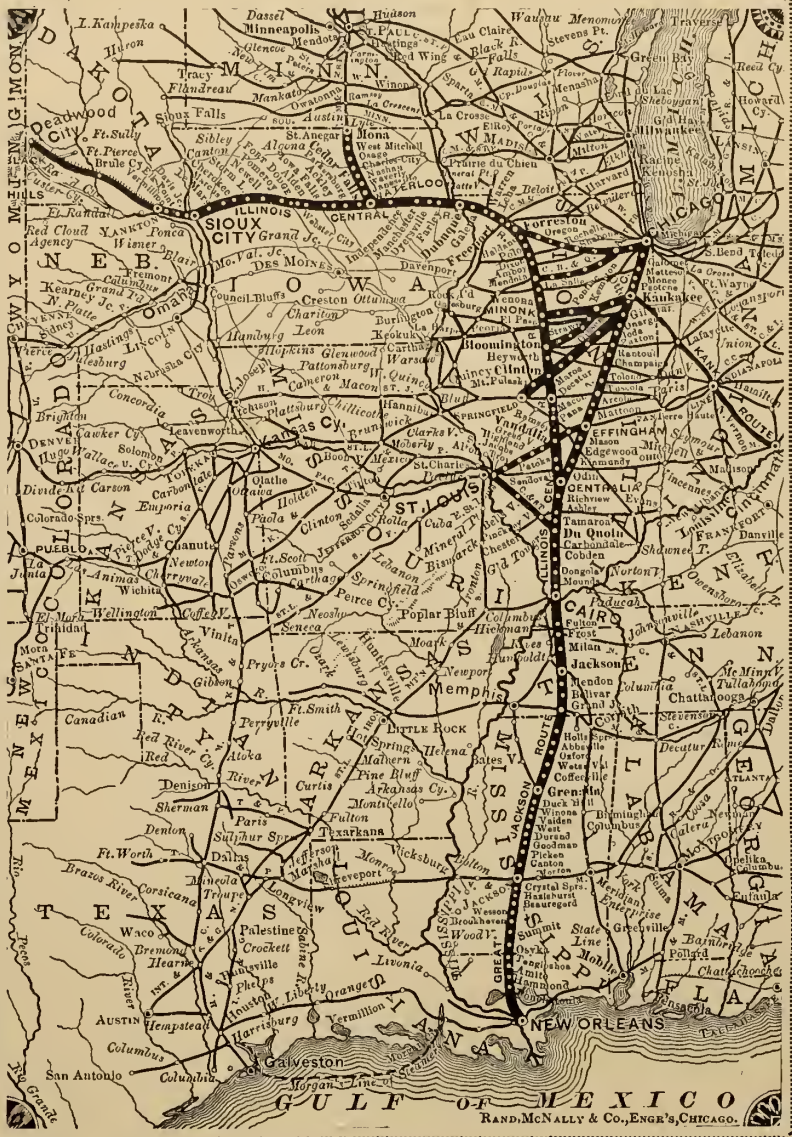

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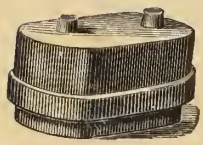

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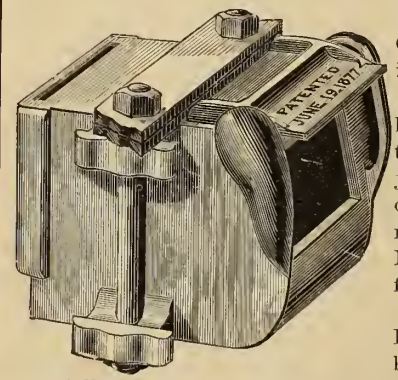

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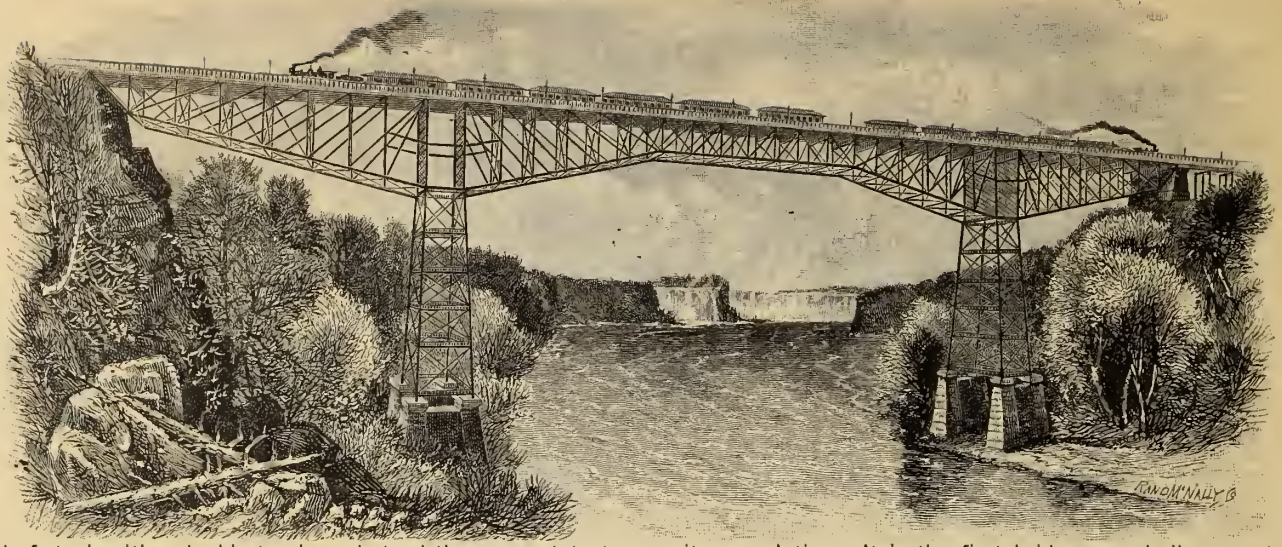
THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL has become the deservedly favorite route between the great cities and Summer resorts of the East and West, being the only route under a single management between Chicago, Niagara Falls and Buffalo, and offering to the traveling public the many great advantages resulting from that fact. Whether one travels East or travels West, he finds that the Michigan Central has spared no pains nor expense to make his journey as rapid, safe, comfortable and pleasant as possible. He finds not one only, but many, daily Fast Express trains, made up of new and sumptuous Parlor, Dining and Sleeping Coaches, replete with every convenience that money can provide and ingenuity devise. These trains are veritable first-class hotels upon wheels, in which the passenger can eat, drink, smoke, sleep, lounge and take comfort as in his own inn. And the traveler is sure of quick time and close connection at junction points.

The title of **"The Niagara Falls Route"** belongs peculiarly and especially to the Michigan Central, for it is the only route running trains directly to the Great Cataract itself. Its trains halt at Falls View Station, almost at the very brink of the down-pouring flood, where the view is finer than is obtainable from any other point. From this point, the trains follow the course of the river to the great Cantilever Bridge, which is a marvelous triumph of engineering science. It is



constructed of steel, with a double track, and stood the severest test upon its completion. It is the first bridge ever built upon its peculiar principle, and is probably the safest, as it is one of the most elegant, in the world. Crossing this grand structure, two hundred and fifty feet above "the angriest bit of water in the world," the traveler sees again the great Falls, the dark river gorge, and the rushing Whirlpool Rapids. The route to Buffalo follows the river bank for miles, affording varied and delightful pictures of the emerald flood, the foam-crested Rapids, the Falls, the leafy islands and peaceful Canada shore, while the thunders of the great Cataract sink with distance into a monotone, and are finally lost, save as their echoes long linger in the memory. Entering the beautiful city of Buffalo, the traveler finds the superb Palace Cars taken on without change to Albany and New York, by the New York Central and Hudson River, and from Albany to Boston by the Boston and Albany railroads. To the Michigan Central, and to no other road, all this applies, and therefore it is that the public have bestowed upon it the title of "The Niagara Falls Route."

Excepting only the almost inaccessible Yellowstone Park, there is no spot combining so many of the glories, beauties and advantages of a tourists' paradise as Mackinac Island. Rising grandly over 300 feet above the channel in which the waters of earth's greatest unsalted seas meet and blend in billowy harmony, it is nearly nine miles in circumference. The United States Government has, with a just appreciation of its wonderful attractions, reserved entire island for a National Park, and the Michigan Central has made it accessible to tourists.

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